

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,318, Vol. 89.

31 March, 1900.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The week has been barren of important news of the war except for the death of General Joubert which was reported on Wednesday. President Kruger himself is spoken of as his successor, but the "Mail's" correspondent telegraphing from Pretoria states that General Louis Botha commanding the Natal force will probably be appointed. Lord Roberts in a despatch of Wednesday from Bloemfontein states that General Clements had occupied Fauresmith without opposition. General Gatacre's forces from Springfontein have been arriving at Bloemfontein. Colonel Pilcher was at Ladybrand on the 26th and was attacked by a small party of the enemy and had to leave the town. The Boer Commandants Grobler from Norvals Pont and Olivier from near Stormberg have united with Commandant Lemmer making up a body of some 6,000 men and have by rapid marching succeeded in escaping along the Basutoland border north of Bloemfontein. Fighting is still going on at Warrenton where Lord Methuen is, but since last week there has been no renewal of the advance for the relief of Mafeking either from the south or by Colonel Plumer's force from the north, but Mafeking was reported all well on the 20th. Troops are being concentrated at Warrenton and there are signs that the advance will soon be resumed. The same may be said of Sir Redvers Buller in Natal. Sir Alfred Milner has been visiting the disturbed districts and arrived at Bloemfontein on Tuesday.

General Joubert's death is almost the only event that has occurred during the war as to which the public opinion of Europe and England has not been hopelessly at variance. We do not suspect in this case any intention in the foreign press of idealising the Boer commander for the purpose of darkening the colours in its picture of the English. If our own panegyrics are possibly a shade too emphatic it may be that we are a little influenced by the desire of expressing by sharp contrast our dislike of Mr. Kruger. But even if this is allowed for, we cannot be accused as a nation of lacking generosity in our appreciation of a general whose leadership has inflicted upon us the most humiliating and painful reverses that British arms have suffered in this generation. Two months ago General Joubert might have claimed the title of "ever-victorious"; he dies now after he has seen the man who would have succeeded to his command and the

army under him prisoners, the country of his allies overrun, the capital of his country threatened with no hope of being saved from occupation, and with the last hope gone of averting the ruin of the political system which his military abilities aided in establishing and maintaining. The star of the nation and the man set together.

The determination of the Duke of Norfolk to serve at the front as a subordinate officer in the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry is an instance of patriotism that it would be hard to beat. The modesty and simplicity with which the sacrifice is made cannot fail to increase the respect and affection which the Duke already inspires in all classes of his countrymen. Lord Londonderry's appointment is of course unimpeachable but it would have been gracious to keep the place open until the conclusion of the war, and give a chance for some politician to show by gratuitously discharging the Postmaster-General's duties until the Duke's return that patriotism is not confined to those who fight. But S. Martin's-le-Grand is no bed of roses, and it has been the grave of almost as many reputations as South Africa. We can well understand that Mr. Hanbury was reluctant to exchange "the warm precincts of the Treasury" for the turmoil of the G.P.O. with its perpetual war between its permanent officials and its parliamentary chief.

We believe it was Mr. Froude who described Professor Mommsen as the greatest scholar of the age and probably of any age. He is certainly the greatest living European historian and his name is not to be mentioned without the deepest respect. His reputation makes any opinion of his in itself worth notice, apart from its merits, and for this reason, but no other, his correspondence on the war with Professor Sonnenschein of Birmingham will be read with interest. The latter scores an amusing point against the Roman historian. The *Uitlanders* he says were reduced to a position analogous to that of the *Outlander* settlers in ancient Rome (the *Plebeians*) in the days of *Patrician* exclusiveness. Professor Mommsen does not appear to think it desirable to notice this in his reply. We are sorry to find him on the level of quite the ordinary German. He has not an accusation, we cannot say argument, which has not been taken ad nauseam by scores of wild German newspapers. Professor Sonnenschein probably had some trepidation in challenging the great Cham, and we can almost hear his sigh of relief when he found that he was able respectfully but firmly to assure him that it was evident he did not understand the case at all of England against the Transvaal.

Free speech is an excellent thing, but it is a bilateral privilege, and implies the freedom to contradict as well as the freedom to assert. What the Radicals are ludicrously claiming at present is the privilege of the pulpit, the immunity, that is, from contradiction and interruption. A small number of people, whom we will call Browns, say that the war is unjust and unnecessary. A very large number, whom we will call Whites, say that it is a just and necessary war. When Browns and Whites find themselves together in the same room it is inevitable that assertion and contradiction should generate a certain amount of heat. Nobody justifies rowdiness, but it is mere prudery to expect the philosophic calm of the lecture-room in a public meeting of working-men. An unpopular minority must be prepared to suffer something for its opinions; and to those who remember "Dilke's lambs" in Chelsea, and the terrorism that made the old borough of Lambeth a Radical stronghold, there is something irresistibly laughable in the Radicals whining for police protection.

The "Standard" correspondent at Vienna sends an account of a lecture by Professor Nothnagel which he says will no doubt be shortly published in England *in extenso*. Unhappily we are at present interested in a special manner in the grim subject of the lecture, which treats of the physiology of death. It is obvious that the question of death on the battlefield was mainly in the Professor's thoughts, and his remarks have a certain degree of consolation for those who dwell painfully on the fate of their friends who have died fighting. His general thesis is that, apart from illness, death is painless, since consciousness always ceases before the cessation of the heart's action which marks the end of life. He instances the case of gunshot wounds. In order to feel pain the irritation must have passed from the spot on the skin to the brain, and it has been proved that, if the wound is fatal, the action of the bullet is more rapid than the message to the brain announcing it, consequently such death is painless. Science, too, confirms ordinary observation that in most cases death is preceded by an apathy which makes us indifferent to life. Perhaps we are too much inclined to exaggerate what we term the cruelty of nature.

On Wednesday a telegram from the "Standard's" Odessa correspondent announced that there could no longer be any doubt as to the object of the warlike preparations in South Russia. They have nothing to do with intervention in South Africa, and they are not, after all, to threaten Afghanistan. It has been evident for some time that Turkey was having an unhappy experience with Russia over the exclusive railway concessions the latter was demanding in Asia Minor. This and several other matters such as the propaganda amongst the Armenians, the demand for their repatriation, all point to the determination of Russia to settle herself in the North-East of Asia Minor. According to this telegram nearly a quarter of a million troops are already mobilised, the Black Sea Squadron, with its transports, is held in constant readiness, and the garrisons on the Caucaso-Armenian frontier have been increased to fourfold their ordinary strength and equipped for active service. With Russia on the move against Turkey in Asia the prospects of peace to the west of the Black Sea, which a "Times" telegram recently described as not being likely to be disturbed this year—it was dealing with Bulgarian affairs and the monarchical aspirations of Prince Ferdinand—do not appear to be very bright.

A few days after Sir William Lockhart's death the name of another illustrious Indian soldier disappears from the muster-roll. Sir Donald Stewart won his way by sheer merit, without the aid of outside influence, to the chief command of the Indian Army. His opportunities were neither early nor specially numerous but he never threw them away or failed in quiet times to qualify himself for emergencies when they might arise. His record is singularly free from failures. It may be doubted whether he possessed the high scientific acquirements which the most modern warfare demands. But he thoroughly understood the art of fighting

Orientalists against whom all his campaigns were waged. His march from Kandahar to Kabul was not less memorable though less remembered than Roberts' performance in the reverse direction. To his far-sighted policy we owe the initiation of the measures for strengthening the frontier which his great successor carried to an advanced stage. He was a chivalrous soldier, wise in council and strong in war.

No one can deny Lord Curzon his courage. In the Eurasian question he has faced the most hopeless and not the least serious of his Indian problems. Unfortunately it cannot safely be let alone because it affects the prestige of the ruling race. The presence of a considerable community allied to it in blood religion and nomenclature, living in poverty and degradation, is a source of weakness and danger. But for this the Eurasian and the poor white might be left to find their own level. They suffer from indiscreet advocacy which claims Government service as their birthright and thinks that a fractional share of English parentage imposes on an English Government the obligation of providing a livelihood for those who cannot or will not find it for themselves. The section which most needs assistance is ill-suited for many forms of public service—most of all for military service. The Portuguese formerly encouraged miscegenation as a means of recruiting their armies. The result to-day is a race of domestic servants.

The late Government of India must regard its currency experts with modified esteem. Two years ago they came to the conclusion that the redundancy of the rupee currency kept exchange depressed below the statutory par. Accordingly they proposed at once to withdraw and melt down ten crores of rupees and repeat the operation till the fixed rate of exchange had been established. This done the sovereign would permanently enter into circulation at least as a marginal currency. The scheme was summarily condemned by the Currency Committee and every other authority. Events have entirely justified the condemnation. Without any recourse to the melting pot the silver currency has proved so insufficient that the Government have been obliged to add a crore and a half by fresh coinage. Exchange has steadily kept above sixteenpence and though the Treasury has for a time discharged some of its obligations in gold and has offered sovereigns in exchange for rupees yet there is no sign that the sovereign has effectively become a current coin.

If a statement made by a leading republican senator about a week ago be correct, it would appear that even in American politics honesty may sometimes be the best policy. According to this gentleman "on the Puerto Rican tariff issue the republicans would lose Indiana and not only Indiana but also Illinois. Running on that platform McKinley would find the chances against him in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. I think that Ohio would be a doubtful state on that issue." As to what that issue means we are not quite clear; the President's changes of attitude with regard to Puerto Rico have been so bewildering in their complexity. He would have suffered less in votes and nothing at all in reputation if he had adhered to his December declaration that to grant free trade to the island was a "moral duty." The republicans who grow tobacco and sugar caused him to change his opinion on that matter and we have since then seen several attempts to square moral duty with political expediency. The proposal to apply the tariff within the island and devote its proceeds for the benefit of the inhabitants cannot blind anyone to the fact that it is really hampering its trade for the benefit of the President's supporters at home.

The shortsightedness and hand-to-mouth reasoning of our leading statesmen on both sides are the puzzle and despair of all who take politics seriously. To everyone who does not sit on either front bench in the House of Commons it is "plain as way to parish church" that an imperial tariff is the question of the immediate future. Mr. Chamberlain is perhaps the one Minister who realises the fact, though the hour has

not arrived for an avowal. In the meantime Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Sir William Harcourt wink at one another across the table and join in pooh-poohing Mr. James Lowther with an air of amused superiority. But the paradox of one generation is the truism of the next, and before very many years are past the scoffers of to-day will be converted by battalions to the new faith of an Imperial Customs Union. The odd thing is that Mr. James Lowther should not receive more support from the agricultural members. The subject admittedly is large and difficult, because the economic condition of new and thinly populated colonies is so very different from that of an old, populous, and highly organised community like Great Britain. This subject will be forced upon us by the colonies, and it is high time that at all events our younger politicians began to study it without bias. Canada from 1 July next will increase her preference in favour of the Mother Country from 25 per cent to 33½ per cent., and Mr. W. S. Fielding the Canadian Minister of Finance in his Budget speech last week, referred hopefully to the possibility that England may some day impose a duty for the benefit of the colonies.

The reappearance of the proposal to establish in Ireland a University acceptable to Roman Catholics gave the House of Commons an opportunity to do a graceful act in a graceful manner. Needless to say the opportunity was not taken. This year's unwonted celebration of St. Patrick's day, evoked by the fine conduct in the field of the Irish troops, was effective certainly; but the effect, one could not help feeling, was largely decorative. An injustice, perhaps the last injustice, to Ireland removed would have given these demonstrations just the point they rather seemed to lack. An ancient prejudice wiped out, a galling inequality effaced, higher education proffered to the Catholics of Ireland, that would have been a thank-offering not unworthy of the services to the Empire of the Irish soldiery. It would also have been a pleasant prelude to the Queen's visit. But the House of Commons would not. It was impossible that any definite scheme could be enacted or even proposed this session, but the House might very well have passed a resolution conceding in principle the Irish demand. Nothing more was wanted. The Irish people would have seen that their claim was acknowledged and we believe that the Irish members would have been reasonable enough to recognise the difficulties amounting to prohibition in the way of action this session.

One can but wonder how long the better opinion of the country is to be borne down by the dead weight of dull prejudice and obstinate ignorance. More and more, as this debate itself showed, intellect and culture is ranging itself on the side of the Irish claim. Putting aside Trinity College, Dublin, which in a sense is an interested party, there is hardly a single great name in the world of intellect that is against giving the Roman Catholic Irish their University. Naturally; for there are but two grounds on which it can be opposed (every other argument is but a pretext) opposition to denominational education as such or dislike of Roman Catholicism. The first is legitimate ground for secularists to take up but is not available to Conservatives, supporters of state-paid church schools. The second is inadmissible in itself and unworthy. Either denominational teaching without fear or favour or undenominationalism all round. To pillory one particular Church is a piece of paltry unfairness that only *odium theologicum* can account for, as it accounts for many other phenomena otherwise inexplicable. It is not strange that Mr. Balfour should be moved on this subject to an emotion greater than he usually displays. Whenever he makes a speech on Irish higher education, anyone can see that it is conviction that is speaking, conviction backed by the most active concern. There is then nothing of the indifferentist and the political sceptic. But there were other encouraging signs besides Mr. Balfour's speech. Sir William Anson's support was very useful. Then some of the younger men of promise came forward on the same side, and, above all, Mr. Arnold-Forster announced to an astonished world that he might be induced to change his mind.

It is strange that men so acute as the Irish politicians should not see that the visible evidence they provide of cordiality to the Throne will be the most effective answer to some of the most effective arguments against Home Rule. Apparently they do not; and the fact is trying some of our English Home Rulers sorely. One of their excuses for their Irish friends' deficiencies is that this coldness to the Throne is the result of a Castle boycott of Nationalists. That will not do. Anyone acquainted with the facts of Dublin official life well knows that the boycott has been the other way. A Nationalist had only to write his name in the book as a Unionist or any other person. But it has ever been the deliberate policy of the Nationalists to abstain from any association with viceregal functions. It is strange that a journal usually so well informed as the "Westminster Gazette" should start this hare.

The Lord Chancellor's appointment of Mr. Bosanquet, Q.C., to the Common Serjeanty is generally approved by the profession. Mr. Bosanquet is said to be a ripe lawyer of the painstaking type, and he has the reputation of being one of the best after-dinner speakers of the day. There is however no danger of his degenerating into a speechifying judge, for in court his characteristic is rather solemn taciturnity. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen have fixed the salary of the new Common Serjeant at £2,000, the sum from which Sir Forrest Fulton rose to £3,000. This arrangement by which the Lord Chancellor appoints and the Corporation pays is an objectionable anomaly, which strikes at the independence of the Bench. The salary of the Common Serjeant like that of any other judge should be fixed, and should not be alterable at the will of anybody. The Aldermen had the good sense the other day to settle the salary of the Recorder at a permanent figure.

The New Code is the longest step in the direction of real education taken by the Education Department for very many years, perhaps the longest step it has ever taken. If worked according to its spirit, this code will give the coup de grâce to the mechanical methods and the crammer's ideals that have gone far to neutralise efforts in elementary education in the past and tended to make the whole subject unpopular with the public. The new model starts under the best auspices. It has been cursed by the Progressives of the London School Board and generally blessed by the teachers. We propose to discuss the Code at length next week.

The speech of the Bishop of London at the Holy Trinity Church House, Great Portland Street, on the opening of a Missionary Exhibition, took a characteristically broad view of the relation of missions to the national life. To speak with all respect, there was a time when "saving the heathen" was a conception as narrow as the correlative one of saving one's own soul, and a missionary was deemed fully equipped if he possessed piety and enthusiasm. In missions we have the spiritual side of the movement by which great civilised nations spread their power and influence over lands inhabited by peoples at a lower stage of development. Unless due care is bestowed on them by the Church, if missions are allowed to languish, there is great danger of our aims in the extension of Empire becoming too materialistic. One effect of missions is the dissolution of the old morals and customs of heathen societies. Like civilisation in general they may do harm unless superior men capable of governing and guiding inferior races through the process of transition are supplied by the Church. Missions, in fact, are a problem in government, and the credit of the Church and the nation alike depends on the success with which they impress their religious, political and social ideals on peoples whose own ideals in both respects are on a lower level.

Mr. Hensley Henson did a bold thing for a clergyman in writing to the "Times" on the question of the efficacy of prayer as tested by British victories: to some people no doubt this savours of irreverence. We agree with Mr. Henson in believing that the very reverse is the case. Nothing is more repellent than

the mental and spiritual condition which makes a man too much at ease in Zion; and there is nothing about which a devout mind is more distrustful than petitioning for material success. Is it inconceivable that the thwarting of a national object may be for the real benefit of a people as the thwarting of private desires often is for the individual? To make the justice of a course depend on its succeeding is a phase of the vulgar worship of success which is too often made the test of merit. "Serve God and He will prosper you" is a formula which we hoped had ceased to be called religious. England shivered at the messages from French battlefields of the first German Emperor. Often in history we have called the combination of prayer and success impiety. Should we not consider our own phraseology a little more carefully?

Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote a famous essay many years ago on "The Literary Influence of Academies" but he did not say as Lord Monckswell did at the Authors' Club dinner that when you saw the Academy uniform you might be sure you were in the presence of a really distinguished man. This is a proposition which might be and has been denied but M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, we are sure, would have been glad of such adventitious aid to the judgment of his hosts if a doubt occurred to him that possibly membership of the Authors' Club does not imply so much distinction as that of the Academy. We hope he did not whisper to himself the epitaph of Piron "Il ne fut rien, pas même Académicien." But M. Cambon was very brave and polite. He pretended to believe that in London as well as in Paris they considered the profession of literature as the noblest of professions, and so with this accolade he conferred distinction on all his hearers. As he said, (with a smile?) it is a great honour to belong to a profession which follows pure thought and pure truth.

The issue of the Delagoa Bay award will probably cure Governments of the folly of handing over large financial and national interests to the decision of a trio of village lawyers in Switzerland. After nine years of pettifoggery and procrastination that recall the proceedings in *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* the arbitrators have awarded a sum of £950,000 (including interest at 5 per cent.) in answer to a claim of £2,000,000. As there are £750,000 1st and 2nd debentures bearing interest at 7 per cent. it will be seen that the award is confiscation of the most barefaced type, for which there is the less justification as the receipts of the railway show the property to be worth nearer five millions than one. The sensation that this iniquitous decision caused in the City may best be judged by the following record of the prices. On the Thursday before the award was published, the 1st debentures were bid for at 132, the 2nd debentures were called 110 to 120, and the £10 shares were quoted at £7. After the award was out the 1st debentures were quoted 100 to 120, the 2nd debentures were nominally £50, while the shares changed hands at 25s. 6d.

The week on the Stock Exchange has been uneventful except for the large rise in the favourite American railway shares such as Baltimore and Ohios, Union Pacifics, and Atchafson ordinary. The South African market is still under the shadow of anticipated damage to the mines, and the circumstantial accounts that have appeared in several journals of the destructive preparations made by the Boers at Johannesburg are not encouraging. It is true that Mr. Kruger is reported to have made a speech in which he declared that the mines were perfectly safe, but somehow nobody is reassured, though everybody hopes for the best. The prospect of Easter traffics has made Home Rails, especially the southern lines, rather firmer, Chathams being up to 25½, and Dover A's to 95. Argentine Government and railway securities have all been good, while Australian mines have reverted to their old state of neglect. Dearthness of money, which we hardly expect to be temporary, accounts for the slightly easier price of the New War Loan at 2 premium and for the fall of Consols from 102½ to 101½.

THE CELESTIAL GATES AJAR.

"HENCEFORTH the foreign trade and commerce of China are to be open to all nationalities upon equal conditions, if the terms of the agreements with the United States are fully and faithfully observed." Thus wrote the "Times" on Wednesday last in a leading article upon certain proposals made by the Government of the United States to the Governments of Germany, France, Russia, Japan and Italy, and accepted by them. Before addressing the Governments just enumerated, the Washington Cabinet instructed Mr. Choate to present to Lord Salisbury a note requesting the British Government to make a declaration in favour of the "open door" in China, which we can well understand was complied with. All the interested Powers, therefore, in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, with one exception, appear to be cordially agreed upon the future commercial policy of the Celestial Empire. The one exception is the Celestial Empire itself, whose Government does not appear to have been consulted, and which is only incidentally referred to as one might refer to a minor or a lunatic whose affairs were in the hands of duly appointed guardians. The text of the instrument which the Great Powers have signed is not before us: we have only the assurance of Mr. Hay, President McKinley's Secretary of State, that in his opinion the signatories are bound to certain propositions, and that their consent is "final and irrevocable." The propositions to which the signatory Powers have assented are stated to be the following:—The signatories shall not interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within their spheres of interest or their leased territory. The Chinese tariff shall apply at all such ports other than free ports, irrespective of nationality, and the duties shall be collected by the Chinese Government. Harbour dues shall be levied at the same rates upon all comers, and no preferential rates shall be granted on railways built, controlled, or worked by the signatories. These propositions are perfectly explicit, and are so obviously advantageous to British trade, that we cannot help rubbing our eyes and asking ourselves whether we are dreaming, or whether the commercial millennium has arrived. If Mr. Hay has really induced France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and Italy to bind themselves to carry out these propositions, it is an indisputable triumph of American diplomacy. As we are informed that the arrangement does not require the ratification of the American Senate, we may assume that the United States will be equally bound with the signatories.

If the thing be true, Great Britain is rather in the position of a man who is thrown forward by a door against which he has been leaning with his whole weight being suddenly opened from within. We have talked so much and so loudly about this open door that now that we are invited to enter we are dumfounded. The advantages to our trade however will be so enormous that we can well afford to allow to the United States all the glory, and to console ourselves for the loss of an inspiring topic of platform oratory. But is the thing true? We write under the disadvantage of not having seen the instrument which, according to Mr. Hay, binds the Signatory Powers finally and irrevocably. But it must indeed be a remarkable diplomatic document if its stringency is "final and irrevocable." We are loth to throw cold water on Mr. Hay's proposals or to rob him of one particle of the credit which he deserves. But we are bound to remind him that there is much virtue in an "if." The foreign trade of China will be open to all nationalities upon equal conditions, "if the terms of the agreements with the United States are fully and faithfully observed." No doubt: but who is to see that they are faithfully and fully observed? Not the Chinese Government, for it is no party to the instrument by which its future fiscal policy is settled, finally and irrevocably. Is there a clause in the document binding the signatories to enforce its observance upon any Power that violates or renounces it? If not, the agreement is not worth the paper it is written on. Another remarkable and indeed startling feature of Mr. Hay's scheme is that it is based upon the assumption that China, as an independent

Power, has ceased to exist. Apparently, as we have said, the Chinese Government is not a signatory, though it is still to be allowed to collect its own Customs. The instrument is in fact one for the partition of China into "spheres of interest," belonging to the various Great Powers. Within its sphere of interest it is assumed that Great Britain, or Russia, or Germany, is supreme and not the Chinese Emperor. Is a sphere of interest then a diplomatic euphemism for a protectorate? Hardly, at present; or if it is, what is meant by "the integrity of China," in maintaining which the United States believe the whole Western world is alike concerned? Lord Salisbury has also talked about preserving the integrity of China, and it is therefore pertinent to ask how this doctrine is compatible with the division of the Celestial Empire into spheres of interest, in each of which a foreign Power is answerable for the tariff. In short, Mr. Hay's scheme looks very well on paper, but we see great difficulties in the way of its execution. It so happens that in this instance the commercial interest of the United States is really coincident with that of Great Britain. For the United States have no "sphere of interest" in China, and Great Britain is fanatical on the subject of free imports all round, and having the start of other nations would really be thereby the gainer. The open door therefore suits America and England equally well, and we need not be suspicious. But we cannot repress a smile when we read that Mr. Hay believes an international agreement as to tariffs to be "final and irrevocable."

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

AFTER the hard work of the last few weeks it was inevitable that Lord Roberts' troops should require time to recuperate. We must remember too that the South African winter is commencing, and that it would be folly to advance until all are adequately equipped for a winter campaign. But the period of enforced inactivity has been well utilised. The lines of communication have been strengthened, remounts have been procured, and both men and animals have benefited by a well-earned rest. Recently we have become accustomed to such rapid movements and such startling results that we are apt to chafe even at necessary delay. But in war after a great coup, such as the occupation of a capital, a pause must take place. When the forward movement begins in earnest, it is likely to be a combined one of considerable dimensions. The Boers are of course taking full advantage of the delay, and are no doubt preparing positions to impede our advance. Still as Lord Roberts' army is now in every sense mobile, there seems little reason why the enemy should not once more be outflanked.

Of actual details there is little to tell, and it is unlikely that we shall know more until Lord Roberts' next move has actually commenced. Trouble is as yet by no means over in Natal. The Drakensberg and Biggarsberg are still held by the enemy. As all the country in the neighbourhood is eminently adapted to Boer tactics, Sir Redvers Buller's advance will be attended by no little difficulty. A month has now elapsed since the relief of Ladysmith. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Natal army has been completely reorganised, and that the Ladysmith garrison has to a certain extent recovered from the effects of its hardships. Sir Francis Clery and General Wynne are once more reported fit for duty, and an advance may now take place any day. From the Free State and Cape Colony there is also little to record. Fauresmith was occupied on the 27th by General Clements without opposition. A nine-pounder gun and a Martini Maxim were found in a mine, where a large quantity of ammunition was buried. The inhabitants are settling down, and gradually surrendering their arms. An advance on Bloemfontein—eighty miles distant—may be the next move of this force—General Gatacre is also marching on the capital. Commandant Olivier's force seems to have escaped northwards by way of the Basuto frontier. This is especially regrettable. But no doubt it is largely due to the great exertions the cavalry have recently been called upon to undergo. In any case the Boer force in question appears to have eluded us, and

to be marching on Winburg. The southern portion of the Free State however is now clear of the enemy. Apparently a large concentration of troops is being made at Kroonstad, and there a considerable engagement may take place. The greater the Boer force the better for us. With the large numbers at his disposal, it may be possible for Lord Roberts to inflict on the enemy an even more crushing disaster than the surrender of Cronje. That the north of the Free State—even in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein—is still swarming with Boers is shown by the accident which has befallen certain irresponsible Guards' officers. The relief of Mafeking still hangs fire. Up to 20 March the town was safe. Colonel Plumer's relief column—which is stated so often to be on its way to Mafeking—has once more retreated northwards. Meanwhile at Warrenton—180 miles south of Mafeking—circumstances point to an immediate advance. The food at Mafeking fortunately still holds out and there are reports that provisions have been got into the town. But there is a likelihood before long of rations being further reduced. Should a force of any considerable size under some trusted generals be sent northwards for its relief, an advance in combination with Lord Roberts' army might be made towards Pretoria by the Jameson Raid route. Great efforts are apparently being made to strengthen Johannesburg. So that a siege of that town is a possible contingency. The death of the ablest Boer general need not necessarily exercise any very material influence on the campaign. The strategical work has probably all through been done by others, and tactics with the Boers is more a matter of individual initiative than is the case in other armies. In any event the remaining Boer commanders have doubtless many competent foreign advisers at their side.

THE SIMULACRUM OF LIBERALISM.

THAT dreary fiasco, the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, has come to an end without any resort to personal violence. For this its promoters must feel profoundly thankful though we have it on the authority of a Liberal journal that such a scene as took place on Tuesday was never before witnessed in the Federation meetings. We are glad to believe it for the sake of an historic party. Never before has the little England section had so ample an opportunity afforded it of proclaiming its sympathies. The fact that they did so unrebuked in the face of a meeting, half of which at least was hostile, indicates a touching fidelity to the exhortation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to prove to the world that "upon all main questions of public policy abroad as well as at home the great mass of us are substantially agreed." This optimistic rodomontade indicates that the nominal leader of the Liberals is still relying on the vague claptrap of official nescience to carry him along in his inglorious course. Everyone who was present at the meeting in question knows that the cleavage is as wide as a church door and no maladroitness balancing of immaterial pros and cons can hide from every sensible inhabitant of these isles that the differences between the sections of the party are as far reaching as they are deep.

Dr. Spence Watson, who has presided for many years at these assemblies, played with admirable gravity the part of Dr. Pangloss. As that exasperating philosopher assured Candide amid the horrors of barbaric warfare that there was no reason to be depressed even though he had lost his ears and nose, for everything that took place was for the best, so the good Chairman without a smile assured his audience that "the grand old Liberal cause again would triumph if they were true to the eternal principles of justice truth and freedom." There is a ring of high-toned non-committal about this declaration which would have augured well for the success of the meeting if it could have been maintained at the cloud-level. Unfortunately no gathering of Englishmen can fill themselves with generalities for two days and are bound to descend to hard dry facts. No sooner was the discussion of resolutions reached than the hopeless condition of the "grand old Liberal Party" became apparent. Many must have echoed the Chairman's words "Oh! that Mr. Gladstone could

return." It would at all events have saved the delegates the trouble of thinking for themselves which is proving a practice destructive of party discipline. When the worship of a name has served for years to supply a motive force, the sudden substitution of individual conviction is likely to prove highly embarrassing to those who have thriven on the dictates of the great man. The situation is an unpleasant one for the wire-puller and the seeker for office. But after all parties do not exist to provide berths for these gentry. No better definition of the real basis of party government was ever furnished than the well-worn aphorism of Burke "Party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavour the national interest upon some particular principles in which they are all agreed." It would be interesting to know how far Sir Edward Grey believes that the Liberal Party to-day corresponds with the conditions demanded by Burke. The official method of convincing the public that these conditions exist is by drafting a set of emasculate resolutions and calling upon the representatives of the party to accord their assent. This course for once met with as little success as it deserved. Dr. Lunn, whose proved capacity for organisation is to be utilised in personally conducting backwards the Liberal Forwards, denounced "this miserable concatenation of official apologies and vacuous platitudes." In his track followed Messrs. Channing, Lloyd-George, Maddison and others who found an opportunity for venting those views on the war which an admirable prudence has hitherto restrained them from submitting to the approval of their own constituents. All this time there were sitting on the platform gentlemen who were wholly at variance with the views expressed and yet not one had the courage to rise and denounce the outpourings of the Little England faction, "being apparently of opinion that the meeting was virtually captured by Mr. Channing's party." This is the expression of the "Daily News," a paper which has most honourably distinguished itself throughout the controversy. What the "views of Mr. Channing's party" are may be gathered from the fact that one speaker asserted that "we were not fighting for freedom but gold," another "that the country as a whole was against the war because ten out of eleven Labour members were against it," and another that the "syndicate intended to put a hut tax on the natives, and the miners did not want the franchise but to be left alone to earn their wages," while still another considered the war "a conspiracy to use a great nation for a private purpose."

To the onlooker the extraordinary thing was not this outburst of virulence on the part of the pro-Boer party, which unfortunate circumstances condemn for a time to comparative reticence in most companies, but the inglorious silence of the many members of the Confederation who profoundly differed from them. The most surprising feature of the proceedings was not the existence of a band of unreasoning and rancorous fanatics but the contemptible cowardice of the leaders and of many delegates who resented their attitude. Professor Massie, who seems to have displayed some statesmanlike appreciation of the facts which led to the war, was left alone to front the storm while his sympathisers cowered before it. If this be the attitude of many men of common sense in facing the questions of the hour, what hope can there be for the revival of the Liberal Party? As we have pointed out before, it is eminently desirable that it should again fulfil its rôle in public life, but it is impossible for it to do so until its members who are in sympathy with the current of the times consent to come out from their uncongenial surroundings and form the nucleus of a Radical Imperialist Party. No Radical who values the ideals which most Englishmen are now waiting to realise can attend such gatherings as those at Nottingham without passionate protest, unless he shares the grotesque tastes of Charles V. who loved to assist as chief mourner at the pageant of his own funeral. What evidence was there at Nottingham of any sort of recognition of the stirrings and strivings which are beginning to work throughout the Empire? What sympathy with our countrymen in South Africa in their troubles or with loyal and devastated Natal? The perfunctory resolution on Colonial help

will convey no assurance of real gratitude to the democratic communities overseas. On the contrary those democratic communities are convinced that their action is hateful to a large section of the Liberal Party because it furnishes the strongest condemnation of its own illiberal attitude. That this outburst of common feeling with the Mother Country has been evoked under Mr. Chamberlain's régime is enough to make it suspect in the eyes of those who are being allowed to usurp a position of authority in their party, to which nothing but blatant self-assertion entitles them. For this the ignoble vacillation of the front bench and the poltroonery of the majority are responsible.

This attempt to maintain the simulacrum of a party pursuing common objects stands self-condemned. Its only outcome is a halting effort to unite discordant principles by laying out again the beggarly elements of the Newcastle Programme. The whole Empire is awakening to new life and seething with vast ideas of reconstruction while the Liberal Party is trying to bury its differences in the slough of parochial politics.

THE NAVY LEAGUE AND THE NATION

THE objects of the Navy League, which were brought before the public on Wednesday at the Queen's Hall, are such as should commend it to all British citizens, for though its principal mission is to spread information showing the vital importance to our Empire of naval supremacy, the League rightly considers it part of its duty to call attention from time to time to such measures as may be requisite to secure adequate preparation for maritime defence. Formed some five years ago, its existence has been amply justified in the increased knowledge possessed by the people of this country of national defence and the necessity of a powerful navy. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the man in the street to-day grasps the situation in a manner that statesmen failed to do thirty years ago. Lord Palmerston once said, "It is almost as difficult to persuade the people of this country to provide themselves with the means of defence as it would be for them to defend themselves without those means, and that, although our internal conditions may still be the envy of surrounding nations, yet we have neither

'Hearts resolved nor hands prepared
The blessings we enjoy to guard.'

But his method of adding to our defences was by fortifying the dockyards, for which he brought forward a loan in 1860. The people had a dim idea that if our dockyards were liable to attack this was not the right way to meet it, and an amendment was moved in the House of Commons "that as the main defence of Great Britain against aggression depends on an efficient navy, it is not expedient to enter into a large expenditure on permanent fortifications." The personal influence of Lord Palmerston caused the rejection of this amendment by a large majority; but no statesman now would ask for ten millions to strengthen or replace those works instead of adding to the fleet if there was any doubt of its capability to resist such an attack. This is no newfangled idea, appertaining only to an extreme section of the "All Navy" school, as it is sometimes called, but was held strongly by the nation more than one hundred years ago. In the "Life of William Pitt," by Earl Stanhope, there is a letter from the Duke of Richmond to the Prime Minister in which he says "I perfectly agree with you that the popular prejudice in favour of the Navy and against fortifications is so great that it would be much easier to avail oneself of the former than to combat the latter." During the long peace which followed the Napoleonic wars the Navy declined and false principles of defence were allowed to dominate our policy. To what a perilous position we may be brought when the nation sleeps, or places too implicit a trust in its statesmen, the history of the last thirty years clearly shows. In the ten years which followed the introduction of ironclads in 1859 we created a fleet as powerful relatively to that of France as it is at the present moment. Then came twenty years of diminished effort while other nations were pushing on.

Individuals raised the note of alarm but their warnings were treated with contempt by the Governments of that day, until the press supporting the movement the nation insisted upon the Navy being strengthened. As there seemed a tendency to fall back into evil ways the Navy League was formed with the objects already stated. It speaks direct to the nation, for at all times the nation has compelled Governments to act often against their own desire, though it is not uncommon for them to claim credit afterwards for measures which clearly emanated from an external source. The Navy League now brings some eminently practical points before the people affecting our naval strength. Much has been done to increase this during the last few years but it is by no means clear that we are doing enough. It is perfectly true that a large number of warships are in an uncompleted stage, due partly to the protracted strike in the engineering trade two years ago, and also to the very brisk condition of shipbuilding generally affecting delivery of material. We are led to believe more battleships cannot be laid down because the supply of armour is inadequate. The same thing existed as regards guns a few years ago, but the difficulty did not prove insurmountable and we do not hear now of ships waiting for their guns. The output of such an article as armour cannot be increased at a moment's notice, but by looking ahead, giving warning to manufacturers and an assurance that a certain amount will be required of them in a certain year they would make their arrangements accordingly. Under such conditions the Admiralty, we believe, could have as much armour as it required. That a strike in one branch of the shipbuilding industry should affect so seriously a programme put forward as the minimum for national safety seems to point to the necessity of increasing our State establishments in which such disturbances of labour do not occur. There are four dockyards at which large battleships can be constructed, Portsmouth, Chatham, Pembroke and Devonport, while France possesses an equal number in Brest, Cherbourg, Lorient and Toulon. It will be observed also that three of ours are on the South Coast of England and the remaining one in Wales. An additional dockyard in the North would seem desirable, or even two; for thirty years ago we diminished the shipbuilding resources of the State by closing Woolwich and Deptford Dockyards.

Commerce in danger would be a better cry for the Navy League than raising the bogey of invasion, for all nations recognise that the former is our vulnerable point. More cruisers is the reply and our deficiency in this respect constitutes a legitimate appeal for increased effort. Nor need they all be of great dimensions to perform efficiently many of the duties appertaining to this class of vessel, so that a number could be put in hand at once. It is not satisfactory moreover to know that many of the battleships upon which we rely as a reserve are equipped with obsolete ordnance which would place them at a serious disadvantage if mobilised for war. Such are some of the points dwelt upon by speakers at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening. As the chairman—Mr. Seymour Trower—pertinently remarked John Bull had been caught napping in regard to his army. Would he ever be caught napping in regard to his Navy?

In a great naval war there could be no sending out a Roberts or a Kitchener at the eleventh hour to remedy mistakes and retrieve disasters. Letters which had been received from various shipbuilding firms showed that the output of warships could be increased, and hence their protest, embodied in a resolution, against the statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty that the resources of the country were unequal to further increase of naval defence. Sir Charles Dilke in a letter expressed his opinion that sufficient armour and propelling machinery would be made if the Government would guarantee orders. It only required proper arrangements between the Admiralty and manufacturers to ensure a constant and sufficient supply of these articles. Failing such a policy there was no alternative but to erect Government factories to make its own armourplates and propelling machinery. This is very much the view we have taken, and a course that will

eventually have to be adopted. It is the fact that during the last three years over four millions of money voted for the naval service could not be spent owing to difficulties with labour and material in private establishments, and this is the principal argument for augmenting the resources of the State, so that in no single article shall it have to rely solely on private industry.

If twenty years ago we were lamentably behind other nations in artillery owing to our persistent adherence to the muzzle-loading system, we have since made enormous strides in this branch and our naval guns will now probably compare favourably with those of any other nation. Sir Charles Dilke is impressed with the superiority of some French naval guns over one of ours of presumably the same calibre; but without details of ballistics an accurate comparison cannot be made. It is possible to get increased velocity by reducing weight of projectile but the gain may not be commensurate. Admiral Sir Henry Nicholson at the meeting put the case strongly against the old ironclads that figure on the Admiralty list by stating that they were armed with obsolete guns, were composed of inflammable materials which would burn like a tar barrel, and were no more entitled to be called line of battleships than a Chinese junk. It may not be politic to re-arm them but in present conditions they clearly should not be classed as effective. In such matters the Navy League is doing good service.

CRITICISM AND CONTEMPT.

THE punishment inflicted on the editor of the Birmingham "Daily Argus" by the Divisional Court did not err at all on the side of severity. The attack upon Mr. Justice Darling which appeared in that paper is one over which epithets need not be wasted. It is enough to say that a fine of £100 and £25 costs constitute very easy terms of purgation. The incident, in some respects trifling, is in one or two aspects of great public importance. Our readers will not suspect us of desiring in any way to see restrictions placed upon the right of the press to criticise the conduct of the Bench in a decent and legitimate manner, a right not seldom exerted in the columns of this Review and, as we believe, to the public advantage, but it is necessary to point out how preposterous is the scarcely veiled claim of newspapers to enjoy absolute immunity from any kind of criticism or advice whatever. In the course of the proceedings against the "Argus" passages were read from other local newspapers expressing keen displeasure with the judge's remarks. Their language was unexceptionable, yet in common with the low and scurrilous article, the subject of the contempt, they advance pretensions to an inevitable and unassailable correctitude, we should say infallibility of right judgment and conduct, which in itself is preposterous, and is reduced to utter absurdity in face of the fact that at the very moment a responsible editor was publishing an attack written by himself upon Her Majesty's Judge of Assize, an attack so gross and unjustifiable that the culprit barely escaped being punished by imprisonment. Mr. Justice Darling may not have expressed himself altogether felicitously, but a judge would forego the discharge of a very important duty, who believing that a certain reticence should be observed by the press in giving publicity to evidence in any given case, were not to say so. The discreditable escapade of the "Argus" is the best possible evidence of the necessity of such an admonitory function and we believe our best newspapers will be at one with us in the view we express. Take it all round there is nothing so morbidly sensitive to criticism as the newspaper press; unless it be the mediæval Church or an Oriental despot. This is the natural result of the possession of great power, which no doubt is often wielded wisely; but the claim to be practically above and beyond anything in the nature even of suggestion in the face of newspaper records is but a jest at their own expense. Nor is it strengthened by the undoubted obligation on the judges to exercise great restraint in expressing their private opinions either on the Bench or in charging grand juries, the great occasion when no topic would seem to be incongruous. With the

gist of Mr. Justice Darling's remarks at Birmingham we have sufficiently indicated our agreement, although the tone of menace with which they concluded might well have been modified. A capital instance of how a right thing may be said at a wrong time is supplied by Mr. Justice Grantham's notorious onslaught upon the Dean of Durham. "The Dean's sermon on the war was foolish, wrong-headed, crammed with the most provoking distortions of facts and seething with false sentiment, yet it was quite out of place for the judge to use the opportunity of charging the grand jury at Lancaster for delivering his soul upon the subject. At the trial before the Lord Chief Justice and his fellow-judges, no reference was made either by the Bench or by counsel to the case decided last year by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council where Lord Morris who delivered the judgment expressly said, "when a trial has taken place, and the case is over the Judge or the Jury are given over to criticism." Counsel for the defence refrained from extracting support for his client from Lord Morris' remarks, since any such course would have amounted to an attempt to justify, and the Court made very plain what the consequences would have been to the defendant had his recantation and apology as contained in his affidavit been qualified in the slightest degree by forensic argument. We have no sympathy whatever with the suggestion that the matter was one which the Attorney-General would have been well advised to ignore, although we do not go the length of saying that such a course might not be a proper one in certain circumstances, as where a paper which contained the offensive matter was known to have practically no circulation. But the case before us was one which could not have been so dealt with without great detriment to the honour and prestige of the Bench. In the last resort the remedy exists for the good not of the Justiciary but of the public.

A SURPRISE PARTY AT GABERONES.

(FROM THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT.)

AS a preliminary step to joining hands with Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Plumer had decided to advance 400 men from Mochudi to the South supported by the armoured trains and to occupy our old position at Crocodile Pools. Since Eloff had assumed command of the Boer forces the enemy had become considerably more active; on one or two occasions, their patrols appeared in the neighbourhood of the railway line, and we found wedges in the expansion intervals of the rails. Fearing that it was the intention of the Boers to destroy some of the culverts repaired by us, we decided to lay an ambush. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to catch the burghers by lying in the bed of a spruit, we came to the conclusion that more decided steps were necessary. We had learned that it was the custom for patrols to be sent daily to Gaberones station, and we therefore resolved to lie in ambush at the telegraph office.

Compared with the deserted sidings which are dignified by the names of stations on the Bechuanaland railway, Gaberones is a village. On the western side are several iron buildings, including the ticket and telegraph offices and a goods shelter: to the east of the line is a refreshment bar and an hotel, the latter lying some fifty yards from the platform; on steaming northward through the station, a police barrack can be seen some two hundred yards to the right of the railway. A temporary dead-end for shunting had been constructed at the commencement of hostilities and this curved away to the left into the bush.

Captain Llewellyn's plan was as follows:—A small force of about fifteen men under an officer was to lie hidden in the telegraph and ticket offices, while the armoured train, covered with branches and bushes, was to be stabled in the dead-end hidden by the thick growth of the bush veld. On the arrival of the Boers, the surprise party were to shoot through the windows and call upon the patrol to surrender. The bridge one mile to the northward of the railway was to be guarded by No. 2 armoured train.

At 2.30 A.M. on the morning of 12 January, we

steamed into Gaberones station as silently as possible and, the ambush party having been posted in the corrugated iron buildings, the train retired up the dead-end. The moon was setting as we arrived and, as the faintest glimmer of dawn was unnoticeable until 4.30, the darkness was intense. Not a sound save the chirruping of grasshoppers could be heard until 3.30, when the sentry, crouching near the armoured train, saw two figures upon the main line, not fifty yards from the dead-end. The sharp challenge was scarcely out of his mouth when the men sprang to their arms and, in the next minute, three shots were exchanged between our sentry and the enemy. While the maxim opened fire, the train steamed slowly southward to the station, Mauser bullets from right, from the left and from the front, at ranges of less than forty yards, flying across the trucks. We, in the telegraph office, unable to get in a shot, began to realise the unpleasant fact that we were caught in a trap. We had been expecting the patrol from the south, from the east, from the west; but this attack came from the north. As the train drew up at the platform and the ambush party crawled from their hiding places into the trucks, bright jets of flame from Mauser barrels fired from the refreshment bar on the opposite platform blazed out across the inky blackness. The maxim rattled with a noise like the pattering of a stick drawn along area railings, while the Mausers replied with their dry little coughs—at thirty yards, remember! and at thirty yards you cannot hear the hum of bullets; the report drowns the noise. "Let them have a case shot!" said the officer, and crash went our seven pounder! Then, as if to show how steady and cool they could be, they allowed the reverberation to die away before another Mauser coughed its bullet at us. We steamed northward to the bridge to join No. 2 train, and very slowly too, fearing the line had been mined or destroyed. It was funny in a way; none of us were hurt, but we, the biters, had been bitten. We have never been able to make out whether the enemy were aware of our ambush or not; but we are inclined to think not, because they would either have brought a sufficiently strong force to catch us or have carefully avoided the station under such circumstances; and, had they known we were in the telegraph office, they could have riddled it, for corrugated iron is about as much use as newspaper to keep out Mauser bullets! Strange to say, one of the men of No. 2 train deserted to the enemy about half an hour before the attack, but he could scarcely have had time to give information. This deserter, by way of showing how honourable a man he was, left 5s. 6d. which he owed a comrade for card debts! When the sun rose, we returned to the station; where we found that about fifteen or twenty horses had been tied up behind the Police barrack. Now, from 2.30 until the attack, I had strained my ears in listening for a sound. I must have heard the champing of bits, had horses been ridden in the vicinity, so we were driven to the conclusion that, while we were lying in ambush on one platform the Boers were sleeping on the other. I wonder if opposing forces have ever in the history of the world spent a night so close to one another. The night was so dark that the firing was inaccurate, and yet it was not wild, because our fellows were splendidly cool and steady. Nor could we help admiring the Dutchmen; they lay silent and still while hell was being let loose about them and deliberately potted at the flashes of our guns.

On returning to Mochudi, the Bishop of Mashonaland invited me to dinner. I can only say the nearer the church, the better the cuisine—I had not tasted such good fare for three months.

On 7 January we were ordered to return all the Mark IV. ammunition to store and to draw solid bullets instead; this was a very honourable decision, as there is no doubt that Dum-Dum bullets are against the Geneva Convention, which prohibits the use of "les balles qui s'aplatissent." Unfortunately, in Mafeking, Col. Baden-Powell had nothing but Mark IV. ammunition left; and when peace is declared, there are sure to be vindictive accusations, in return for the "white flag incidents." With regard to the white flag hoisted at Tuli, by the Boers, Captain Glyn assured me

that the flag in question was red and white, which were the colours of one of the squadrons of Colonel Plumer's column. The enemy had hoisted the red and white flag with a view to inducing the British to come on.

On Sunday morning at 2 A.M. Colonel Plumer with 400 mounted and dismounted men, two mountain guns and two maxims, marched to the Metsimasuaana river, having advanced as far as Gaberones by train; but, on arriving at the bridge by which the railway crosses the river, he decided that the position was untenable and decided to fall back on Gaberones; the column was ordered to march back the nine miles immediately, without unsaddling or resting the men; it was a weary and disheartened body of men that filed into Gaberones station at 10 A.M. on Sunday morning. This decision of Colonel Plumer's was all the more extraordinary as some of his officers, in reconnoitring, reported that the Boers were by no means strong in numbers in their laager at Crocodile Pools, not more than 200 at most. In consequence of this alteration of plans, the armoured trains again undertook the somewhat dangerous work of advancing through the thick bush, feeling for the enemy, and repairing the destroyed culverts. The crew of the armoured train, when they saw the column, with its guns, retiring into Gaberones station, volunteered to attack the enemy's laager, with the help of one mountain gun.

The march had been excellently carried out by the column; and there is no doubt that the hardships of the three months at Tuli had hardened the volunteers into an able body of men. On the afternoon of Sunday 14 January, Mr. Wallis, the railway engineer completed a most successful piece of work, in mending the bridge which had been burnt by the enemy: it may be mentioned that on the first occasion of its repair, Mr. Wallis succeeded in doing the work in nine hours; on the 14th, the armoured train was able to cross five hours after the gangers had started the work of mending. Mr. Wallis encouraged his native workers by addressing them in pidgin Kaffir—sixteen of the boys came from the Zambesi, and when "Zambesi" was called out, every one of the sixteen responded, hence the name of the great river became the name of the gang of boys collectively: whenever the foreman called out "Zambesi, you d—d fool!" each nigger would grin with pleasure at receiving the sixteenth portion of this compliment and redouble his efforts. Colonel Plumer was surprised and delighted. On examining the bridges in the first instance his idea had been that weeks must elapse before the train could help to keep open communications between Metsimasuaana and Gaberones, a distance of nine miles; and he explained that this was his reason for having declined the responsibility of holding the Metsimasuaana bridge.

AN OFFICER OF THE PROTECTORATE FORCE.

"THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT."

WE are not concerned, in this article, with the temperament of the artist, we do not look that extraordinary gift-horse in the mouth, but take him as we find him, thankful to have him on any terms. We are concerned with certain numerous triflers, too noxious to be merely ridiculous, who profess the artistic temperament, and act, disgracefully for the most part, up to that pretentious profession: the tenth-rate potters in clay, or verse, or music, or painting, disreputable hangers-on of literature and the arts, bringing them into discredit and odium by their adherence. They are a curious and contemptibly unpleasant folk, gaining in ignorance what they lose in modesty; and their long-haired ranks are swelled by practitioners of the smaller arts: the petty architect who dabbles in designing and lives by jerry-building, the linendraper's assistant from the northern town who dabbles in verse and lives by inferior criticism, the Post Office clerk who dabbles in reciting and lives by re-directing letters, the tenth-rate actor who lives by sponging on acquaintances, the fourth-rate fiddler who apes Wagner and lives by playing jigs in the orchestra of a music-hall. All of them boast the artistic temperament; and all wear their hair offensively long. The females are, if anything, more distressing than the

males—we cannot bring ourselves to reckon them men and women: the tenth-rate lady novelist or journalist, the tenth-rate actress, the intelligent minx separated from her husband, the emancipated Miss. All boast the artistic temperament; all are for ever flaunting their souls, their paltry little souls, before our loathing vision; all wear "artistic" dress; and succeed in looking ridiculous.

When we consider the fraudulent sham which with swelling pride they call their work, we find in it no trace of the temperament of the artist, no sense of beauty, no imagination, no creative power, while, potters and dabblers that they are, they plainly lack the little energy and industry necessary to execute their feeble inventions. Yet we must admit that they exercise an appreciable influence on the art and literature of their generation. It may be that the work of a Haynes Bayly or a Tupper dies with the fools who read it; that the work of the human intellect goes on steadily, its great achievements quietly shaming the puny outbursts of these bubbling triflers. But even though persons of taste and judgment disregard their trash, it is surely hard on the foolish persons of weak but willing intelligence that they should be taught by logrolling and puffery to acclaim these ineptitudes. It is hard that their taste or what they have of taste should be debauched by the dishonest and perpetual presentment for admiration of bad work until they come to care nothing for what is good. It is surely discouraging to those who do honest work to find themselves thrust from their places in literature and art by pushing pretenders.

How the possessor of this artistic temperament succeeds is by now an open secret. Take, for a type, the tradesman's assistant. He finds that his tastes are different from those of his fellow-shopmen: exercise and games are abhorrent to his sickness. He reads books—novels and decadent poetry—and by an unceasing comparison of his little bit of knowledge with the ignorance of his family and friends, he arrives quickly at the conclusion that he is a superior person. He has however to reconcile his inefficiency as a tradesman with this sense of superiority; cudgelling his brains for a reason, he lights on the happy thought that he has a soul above trade; and lets his hair grow. It is but a step from long hair to an imitation of the poetry he has read; and presently, on the strength of some peculiarly drivelling verse, we find him coming to London, commencing poet, and foregathering with other loafers of the same kidney. He enjoys, for the most part, the support of some second-rate man of letters, whom he has beslaved with flattery which would be nauseous to anyone of a less greedy vanity. The literary man introduces him to his clique, consisting chiefly of ignorant, "cultured" women. Here his feeble light should burn dimly for a little while and splutter out; but the instincts inherited from a long line of petty tradesmen come to his aid; and, fortunately for himself, he has learned at least the value of push and advertisement. He allies himself with the baser sort of publishers, with journalists, and other poets on the make; and with time and logrolling, here a push and there a push, here a shove and there a shove, attains a suburban vogue as a poet, or becomes a shining tassel of the Keltic fringe. Later when the effervescence of his little fame has abated, we believe that the said publishers find his reputation exceedingly useful for hack-work; but for the rest of his compiling life he continues to profess the artistic temperament, and act up to his profession.

It would seem then that the so-called artistic temperament is born of sloth and conceit and fostered by ignorance; and if they who profess it confined their extravagances to the outskirts of literature and the arts, we should scarcely be at the pains to discuss them. But their sloth, conceit, and ignorance find an equal expression in their lives and conduct, and being supported by an underbred impatience of discipline, grow injurious to those about them. It is curious how often you will find that the ancestors, the very near ancestors, of those who profess the artistic temperament have followed some unpleasant form of dissent. This ancestral impatience of order and decency in religion has in their descendants spread to the other departments

of life, and is the prime motive of their most detestable extravagances. They affect that free and joyous attitude to existence, that fine scorn of the conventions which was called up to a few years ago Bohemianism, a very pretty cloak under which its wearers hid their sloth and their uncleanness. The "artistic temperament" is that old pretty cloak with a new pretty name; and they who so proudly profess it shirk work, shirk their duties, and shirk clean living with the same careless and joyous freedom with which they shirk paying their debts, shirk washing, and avoid clean linen.

Possibly their attitude to marriage is the best illustration of their real temperament; assuredly it illuminates it to its lowest depths, and exhibits its qualities in full working. To them the duties and responsibilities of the married state are, naturally, as irksome as are soap or clean linen to their bodies. To their underbred impatience of discipline the obligation of faithfulness is intolerable: persons of their fine sensibilities are above all bonds. As they cast about for reasons to support these prejudices so natural in them, their undeveloped intelligence and their ignorance, so dangerously qualified by a little knowledge, bring them to the conclusion that since there are many unhappy marriages, the cure for the evils of that estate is unfaithfulness. But, arrant sentimentalists, they must find pretty, glosing names for their vices; weaklings, they shrink from facing the facts of their own nature; they cannot endure that the clear-minded and sane should account them, the superior children of the artistic temperament with their imaginary superfine sensibilities, as no better than beasts; and they strive to dignify their commonplace dirtiness with the name of love, or passion, or exalted friendship.

But even these fine names do not entirely soothe their itching suspicion of the real truth of their conduct; and they harden themselves in their grossness by an appeal to the follies of the genius with whom they impudently claim kinship. Shelley is their favourite example; for they swear by Shelley: not indeed by his genuine poetry which is of course far above their appreciation but by his immature sentiments which suit exactly their slipshod minds. They actually find in his relations with Mary Godwin a valid reason for their own loose living. It is amazing, in truth it is ludicrous: it is as though the drunkenness of Villon or Burns excused the delirium tremens of the poetaster; it is as though the prose-writer should go to China because De Quincey was an opium-eater.

Their conduct in marriage, or out of it, is but a type of their conduct in the other relations of life. As, if they are husbands, their wives are neglected and abused; if they are wives, their husbands are deserted or betrayed, so, if they are parents, their unfortunate children, neglected and indulged, are brought up, or left to scramble up, selfish, slothful, and licentious as themselves, to spread this loathsome imputed temperament wider through the generations. With their careless and "joyous" freedom they swindle anyone with whom they have business relations; neither the women-folk nor the purses of those into whose friendship they have wormed themselves are safe from their depredations. Rotten in every relation of life, these lepers of art and literature should be isolated, kept apart in a compound of their own. Incurable themselves, they should at any rate not be allowed to carry the infection to others.

A VOCAL RECITAL.

IT gave me a quite pleasing thrill to go into S. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. What to the majority of my jaded brethren was simply one more wearisome repetition of a stale experience was to me a rather stimulating novelty. I had not been to a concert for at least a week—I am inclined to think it was nearer a fortnight; but whether it was fourteen days or seven, does it not show how cunningly the ear and brain are made when so short a period of lying fallow enables one once again to enjoy pleasures that in busy times the critic would swear were fled from him for evermore? What a barbarous notion is this, that a critic must attend every concert that every Academy miss or Conti-

nental charlatan chooses to give. Of course many papers still pay their critics by the line, just as they pay the gentlemen who report fires and divorce cases; and as these papers generally refuse to devote any great amount of space to any one concert, their critics are driven, in the season, to attend half a dozen concerts in the afternoon and another half-dozen at night in order to make an income barely sufficient to live on. This is the secret explanation of the intolerable, unreadable dullness of so many of the musical notices—they cannot be held to constitute criticism—in the daily Press. For my part, I should no more dream of attending many concerts in a week, save for some very potent reason, than I would, as editor of a newspaper, insist upon having every book reviewed, every police-case reported, every tiny politician's Bill for the compulsory stamping of foreign shrimps commented on and elaborately discussed. As editing, it is stupid, amateurish, infantile, to cram one's journal with so much entirely unimportant news; and when one writer has to provide the news, as is oftenest the case in musical affairs, it is death to that one writer—death to all the faculties that give life its interest and colour. How much better to enjoy in ever so slight a fashion one concert in a fortnight than to drowse heavily through a dozen in a week! Of course the one concert may prove a bore. Who, today, can go with pleasurable anticipations to a piano-recital? The same everlasting programme, and only the smallest difference between the various players' various ways of rendering it! It had never occurred to me until Tuesday that perhaps singers have occasional glimmerings of sense. At any rate their programmes lack the deadly monotony of the pianists' programmes. They range over all the periods of music and all the schools. The later music invites them by its passion and poignant expression of modern feeling; the earlier music invites them by its opportunities for display. When music for the keyed instruments was still in its very babyhood, bravura music for the voice had already reached its fullest development. No pianist ever gives us a seventeenth or early eighteenth century piece save for its old-world flavour, or for the sake of some entrancing delicate effect of touch and tone. When he wants to show off his technique he has to come to the music of modern times. The singer who wants to show off his finished technique knows it is best to go back to seventeenth and early eighteenth century Italy. There, in those days, they knew the secret of writing for the voice. However florid the music may be, it suits the voice as a violinist's music suits the violin. Later the secret was lost. All the composers tried to make the voice sing passages that sound far better on the violin or the oboe or the flute; purely instrumental figures were introduced into vocal music; and not beauty and expressiveness became the singer's aim, but a horrible agility and a power of overcoming difficulties by sheer force of screaming. For example, when Melba sings the Mad scene from "Lucia," does anyone dare to say it is beautiful? Certain notes are beautiful, but while one admires the audacity of the singer, her swiftness, her nearly infallible intonation, one is conscious that the total sum of all the things she does is sheer ugliness. Arranged for the clarinet the Mad scene would be a not unpleasing study for moderately advanced students. This, however, is a digression. I only wish to remark on the advantage possessed by singers who want to show off over pianists who want to show off. Singers who do not want to show off, save in the finest sense, have an enormous advantage; for the mass of music written for the human voice is as much superior to the mass of music written for the piano as the human voice is superior to the piano. It is the most perfect of all instruments; and composers always have gone to it and always will go to it when they are struggling to express their deepest feeling and thought.

By far the most exquisite form of entertainment I know is the piano and voice recital as it used to be given by Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene. Strong and beautifully finished playing, singing a little rough and ready, but beautiful and strong—these in alternation were perfectly delightful. The ear never grew weary, nor the mind. The programmes were not thrown recklessly together, but artistically arranged, so

that in the cant artistic phrase one had unity in variety. Without sameness, there was no violent disjunction. Latterly I have paid less attention to these two gentlemen because every time I have heard them they seem to have been working more assiduously at increasing their faults or defects, and to have thought less of making the most of their very real talents. Mr. Borwick was always a little inclined to grow tame; Mr. Greene was always very strongly inclined to become uncouth in his strength and to sing in keys not recognised in modern European music. The last time I heard them Mr. Greene was more frequently than ever out of tune, and when he put in dramatic touches the tone sometimes became unbearable—some of his notes, even though they happened to be accurately pitched, were painful because their quality was more the native quality of shouting than of singing. Mr. Borwick was tame to the point of being absolutely colourless. Perhaps if the two artists would seriously consider their position, forgetting the flatteries of them that dwell in Kensington and go down to the Bach Choir in four-wheelers or Bath-chairs, they might revive the glories of their earlier recitals. If they do, no one will applaud more vigorously than I; and meantime their falling off means to me and indeed to the whole of musical London a sad artistic loss. Their programmes, I should say, remain examples of all that programmes should be. The vocal recitals of Madame Blanche Marchesi cannot hope to compare with the former recitals of Messrs. Borwick and Greene in interest. Fourteen songs in one afternoon, with never an interlude by any instrument to soothe the ear, are more than any human being can take in with entire pleasure. If Madame Marchesi had struck the six dullest items out of her Tuesday's programme she would have added to the enjoyableness of the afternoon. Or if she had brought along a pianist or fiddler to throw in two or three pieces to afford the ear the relief of contrast, she would have done even better. Still, as a vocal recital her function was fairly successful. A noticeable point was the small amount of French music she gave. I was glad to see that, for the simple reason that the French have no music. If they were not the genuine insular people of Europe at the present time they would speedily recognise that fact for themselves. As they happen to be ignorant of everything that goes on outside Paris they have not yet recognised it. It is as curious that the French should be considered an artistic people as it is that they should be considered a polite people. The truth is, as I know and as everyone who has lived in France knows, that they are the most impolite people in Europe: they have no more sense of good manners than they have of common decency. And certainly they are not an artistic people. Young Englishmen, I believe, still go to the Latin Quarter and base their styles on the styles of tenth-rate French painters, and come home and endeavour to persuade us that these outmoded styles are the very newest things; minor poets still imitate the verses of men who in London would quite properly be set to doing reports of fires. Happily no one dreams of going to Paris to study music, except a few singers; and for singers Paris is neither better nor worse than other cities. There are good teachers and bad there as elsewhere. But most French conductors, players and singers who come here insist on trying to coerce us into accepting dreary modern repetitions of the music that was thought quite up to date in Paris in the fifties. Delibes and the rest are still confidently announced as "draws." Madame Marchesi knows better. Her programme on Tuesday was excellent. Unfortunately she cannot be called a great artist. She has high aspirations. Perhaps aspiration is hardly the word. Rather, she has what might be called a robust, beef-fed determination to be an artist. She is absolutely honest, enthusiastic to a rare degree and energetic, and she knows her business and gets through her work as a workwoman should. But she has no notion of the meaning of the word subtle; her emotions are not profound; her insight is merely average; her sense of colour is strangely limited; and her voice is adapted only to the singing of light music. In Löwe's fine ballad, "Edward," in spite of all her

energy, she failed to pull off the tragic effect simply because her voice would not do it. In the tremendous "Divinités du Styx" of Gluck she failed partly for the same reason, partly because she did not understand or was not at all in sympathy with the splendid music. Her chest notes at "Ministres de la mort" were thin and hollow. In Brahms' "Mein Liebe ist grün" she lacked the passionate excitement (rather than true, deep, full passion) demanded by the song. In the lighter songs she was excellent. Bizet's "Chanson d'Avril" was charmingly given. On the whole one may be glad to see that the public likes Madame Marchesi, because, if not a great singer, she is at least an honest one and one with fine intentions. That these intentions are not fully realised is a pity; but, after all, her vocal recitals are certainly amongst the most pleasing of any that have been given in London for some time. J. F. R.

"THE MAN OF FORTY."

MR. WALTER FRITH has not inherited his father's talent for telling a plain story plainly. Had he become a painter—and who knows but that he, too, "tossed up"?—he would have produced nothing in the manner of "The Road to Ruin." Whatever may be said against his father's work, no one could dare to argue that it was obscure or not exactly what it pretended to be. "The Derby Day" was obviously the day of the Derby: not Christmas Day, nor Maundy Thursday, nor the first Monday in August. "The Railway Station" could not have been called "The Cottage" or "The Cathedral" or anything but what it was called; and "Coming of Age in the Olden Time" showed us a young man in the act of attaining his majority in a time unmistakably olden. Even so "The Man of Forty" showed us a man slightly bald at the temples, sitting before the fire, with carpet-slippers on his feet and a reading-lamp at his side, sentimentally transfixed by the entry of a young lady in white muslin. At least, that is what we should have had if the title had occurred to the father instead of to the son. The father would have done something relevant: the son does not. The father would have been straightforward: the son is implected with a passion for putting his public on false scents, and comes forth, the merry rogue! equipped for dramaturgy with nothing but a sackful of red herrings.

Herring number one is, as I have suggested, the title of his play. When a dramatist fixes in his title the exact age of his hero, one supposes that in some way the hero's age matters. This "Man of Forty," one fondly supposes, will get some crucial advantage or disadvantage from his age: things will happen to him, and be felt by him, otherwise than they could if he were either young or old, and on these things the play will hinge. Not a bit of it! "The Man with Grey Eyes" or "The Man in Patent-Leather Boots" would have been quite as apt a title as that which Mr. Frith has chosen. To prove this to my readers, let me adumbrate the plot. Mr. Fanshawe is a rich and rather frivolous widower, and an M.P. He is in love with a woman whose husband disappeared four years ago and has not been seen since. He has a secretary. He has a daughter. Now, the secretary is a good man, but he has a wicked brother who is physically identical with him. The daughter has just returned from South Africa. On board she has met and fallen in love with one who happens to be the secretary's wicked brother. Worse remains behind, for the secretary's wicked brother happens to be the long-lost husband of the lady whom Mr. Fanshawe loves. The first act closes with the recognition of husband and wife. In the second act, the wicked brother has a love-scene with the daughter, and complains of heart-trouble. He forces his wife not to reveal his identity, and suborns evidence for Mr. Fanshawe that her husband is dead. In the third act Mr. Fanshawe learns (1) that the secretary's wicked brother is secretly engaged to be married to Miss Fanshawe, (2) that he is also the long-lost husband. He has a scene with the scoundrel, who dies duly of heart-trouble. Six months elapse. Mr. Fanshawe forgives the widow for having deceived him, and Miss Fanshawe pairs off with a

young man who has won the V.C. and has always loved her. All this may be very amusing, but what, in heaven's name, has it to do with the age of forty? Mr. Fanshawe's age affects his actions no more than does his seat in the House of Commons, and Mr. Frith, as a matter of fact, lays very little stress on it even in the preliminary dialogue. Why, then, have dragged it into the title? Perhaps to give the play a nice veneer of sentimental comedy, a *locus standi* (or rather, *currendi*) on this side of the bridges, and to give Mr. Alexander a chance of seeming to repeat the kind of thing he did in "The Ambassador" and "The Princess and the Butterfly." Or, perhaps, merely to gratify the author's extraordinary delight in misleading the public at any cost. That is, on the whole, the likelier motive. At any rate, it is only charitable to suppose so. Judged as a series of practical jokes or mystifications, Mr. Frith's play is a really ingenious piece of work. Judged as a play, it would only prove that its author had not acquired the rudiments of his craft. So I prefer to assume that its absurdities are dragged into it for mischief's sake—are, in fact, so many herrings across the scent. And thus I can proceed to enumerate them without seeming ill-natured.

Herring number one I have displayed already. Herring number two is the exact resemblance of the secretary to his wicked brother. We know these "doubles" of old, and we know that in most plays they have some effect beyond saving the manager a salary. Accordingly, we are all attention when the secretary dilates on his brother's likeness to himself, and we are thrilled when the brother enters. Something is sure to happen. The wicked one will do something for which the good one will suffer, or the good one will . . . but let Mr. Frith tell his own story—which is that nothing at all comes of the likeness. The nearest approach to something is just before the final fall of the curtain. The lady whom Mr. Fanshawe loves is playing the piano, dreamily, up centre. The lights are low, as is right in a sentimental fourth act. Miss Fanshawe is in the arms of the V.C. Enter the secretary. She shrieks. The lights are turned up. She sees her mistake. Apologies, smiles, and everyone is satisfied—everyone on the stage, *bien entendu*: the audience is as much disappointed as Mr. Frith meant it to be. "Why," wonders the audience, "should there have been this elaborate double, if nothing was to come of it?" And Mr. Frith rubs his hands gleefully, and preens himself on the hoax. By the way, what a chance he missed in letting the wicked brother die of heart-trouble! Having, in the second act, elaborately prepared his audience for the death, why did he not let the fellow survive? That would have been splendid. Of course, it would have prevented a happy ending to the play; but really no one cares how such plays as this are ended, so long as they are ended. In any case the wicked brother need not have succumbed to his heart-trouble: he might have shot himself, or died of consumption, and so fooled the audience once again. Curious that Mr. Frith overlooked this herring! Herring number three is a Mrs. Portman. She is tired of her husband, and secretly enamoured of Mr. Fanshawe. In the first act, she receives from Mr. Fanshawe a cheque to meet a gambling debt. Surely she is going to affect the plot of the play. Not a bit of it! So soon as she declares her love, Mr. Fanshawe shows her the door. She reappears only to be reconciled with her husband. In a comedy of manners, she and her husband would be passable figures. But in a melodrama, (even though it be, like "The Man of Forty," a comic melodrama), they are mere herrings. Yet another potent herring is "Raymond Barker, M.P.," who, in the second act, urges Mr. Fanshawe to take seriously to political life and to join a kind of Fourth Party which is being formed. One imagines that something is going to come of this. Mr. Fanshawe will be at the House at the very moment when there happens that vital something which he might, had he been at home, have prevented; or perhaps . . . and again Mr. Frith has the laugh of us: nothing happens. Still he is not satisfied, the incorrigible creature! He must needs make Mr. Fanshawe give to his daughter the ring which had been worn by her mother, telling her that she must give it to the man who shall win her heart,

and threatening that if she give it to an unworthy suitor he will be inclined to tear it away "as a Christian would tear away the symbol of his faith if he saw it hung as a trophy on the breast of some hideous monster!" "Oh, papa," says the girl, "why can't you always be serious?" Now, surely, that ring is going to play an important part in the imbroglio. Surely, we shall see Mr. Fanshawe tearing it off the finger of the wicked brother, or . . . yet when he hears, subsequently, to whom the ring has been given, he remarks coldly that of course he has nothing more to say. The ring reappears ultimately, for the finger of the V.C.; and that is all that comes of the ring. Again, great stress is laid on the fact that Miss Fanshawe is endowed with certain spiritualistic powers, and . . . but I am tired of following up all these herrings. Suffice it that Mr. Frith has had his practical joke, and that it has "come off." How soon his play will do likewise depends on the number of playgoers who enjoy having practical jokes played on them.

As for the performance at the St. James', I am not one of those experts whom good acting compensates for a bad play. No doubt, Mr. Alexander was very good as Mr. Fanshawe, and Mr. H. B. Irving as the two brothers. But as the parts were wholly puerile, I should have been as well pleased to see them played by small boys: for me histrionic talent was wasted on them. Miss Julie Opp, Miss Granville, and Miss Fay Davis, for a similar reason, made no impression on me. On the other hand, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Esmé Beringer and Mrs. Maesmore Morris had so little to do that I had hardly time to connect them with the play, and accordingly was able to take pleasure in the way they did it.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has always laboured under a disadvantage; it has had to try and live up to a too spacious home. So extensive an exhibition of water colours must necessarily be made up of all sorts of work—unless we except the good sort. For the society is not good at gathering even among the unknown painters who are not yet possessed of a reputation and a place elsewhere. This year's exhibition, therefore, must be counted as something of an exception, for a new person has found her way in, though very much at the bottom, and as it were at the last moment, with a picture marked by a charm as characteristic of water colour as it is uncharacteristic of an Institute exhibition.

The motive of Mrs. Kay Leather's sketch in the first room ("Venice") is the delicate fairness of a white façade which, with a fine distinction, just separates itself from the pale buff of the houses beside it. What with the proportions of its spare and classical simplicity, and what with the favour of the weather, making the faint grey of the stone match the lightness of the grey heavens above, the façade seems so airy a thing that at any moment it might leave the earth and ascend into the sky; and yet, all the while, it is an ample building of stone that stands solid upon its foundations. The charming thing that the artist tells here is nothing beyond the vision of many—of the majority perhaps—among the painters to whose ineffectual labours this sketch makes so striking and so grateful a contrast. Mr. Frank Walton, Mr. Bernard Evans, Mr. John White, Mr. Reginald Smith, to mention some of the more important and obvious instances, have seen with as much affection sights as moving—only they do not tell you. They give you no reason for looking at their pictures again; but if, seeing that they are the outcome of devoted labour, you force your attention upon them, imagining yourself to be present in the scenes their painters saw, it will become clear enough that it is not in appreciation of what is fascinating in nature that they fall short. Here, for example, is a road sweeping round a coast that runs sheer from the sea; there is an Italian village perched upon a narrow eminence; and there, again, is a stretch of green turf at the edge of a cliff that mounts invitingly from the beach. In Mr. Reginald Smith's picture you can recognise bit by bit all the marvellous things that you have noticed

about this kind of low tide ever since you were a child, and a little frightened by it. The trickling waters, filtered through from the sands above, are hurrying together in eddying streams to meet the sea that has withdrawn itself so far. In the gleaming light that comes from a covered sky a chain of little crumpled clouds hangs low over the horizon, matching a troubled sea that curls in long streaks of shallow breakers. They are miniature breakers, yet they have the something desolate in them, cruel almost, which belongs to the sea when it is very far out, just a narrow strip crawling on the horizon. With the same devotion Mr. William Casley has seen the pools that from a faultless stretch of sand dip under the shadow of rocks that would be covered at high tide. In the case especially of these last two pictures you can, with patience, arrive at a pleasurable illusion of a very personal sort; that is to say the illusion is an invention of your own, an effort of the imagination which almost demands that you should describe the scene in words to yourself in order to realise it. You are doing for yourself what the painter has not done, you are discovering where the fascination lies, and when, after a little, the imagination slackens (exactly as it tires of a remembered scene contemplated in the mind), the pleasant pools and the fateful distant sea become once more the dumb and unattractive pictures which you did not want to look at.

Wherein lies the inferiority which puts so great a distance between the Venetian sketch and these others, a distance that cannot at all be bridged over? Mrs. Leather's picture makes its effect at once and retains it. She has told her story where the others have said nothing, she has made a statement, a final statement, there is no getting behind it to the actual scene on the quay, and no falling away from it. The picture remains what it was at the beginning, something that must be looked at. What is it that has guided her to a selection, that has enabled her not merely to appreciate a beautiful sight but to know so exactly wherein the beauty lies that with the single purpose before her she can say it once and for all? The Venetian sketch shows no deeper or higher, no more cultivated devotion to nature than Mr. Reginald Smith's "Low Tide," and less practised skill in the overcoming of technical difficulties. I am sure, for instance, that the artist could not cover the expanse of Mr. Evans' Italian sky with a blue that starts from white and deepens so flawlessly as it nears the frame. The sketch is more poetical, more imaginative, because the artist brings to her love and respect for what is beautiful in nature a love and respect for another beauty, a cultivated sense for the beauty of water-colour paint upon paper. That is her guide, therein lies her selection, the poetry and the imagination. The beauty of water-colour paint in itself exists for her as much as the beauty in nature, and in this charming picture the two things reach so nice a balance that it is impossible to distinguish between the charm of the fair building which stands so lightly in its place and the charm of the fair water-colour paint that is so light upon the paper. The two things are one. Her paint does not run loose into watery streaks and edges that tell nothing, as is the case with Mr. Clifford—though he has the merit of having put a good purple beneath a Prussian blue. On the other hand she feels her medium with too instinctive a freedom to divide it up into the square patches which, for all their faintness and their individual prettiness, make Mr. Harry Hine's pictures a collection of separate colours which will not soften into harmony.

If an ineffective and unpleasant realism arises from a lack of this sense for the medium in itself, the shallow and pleasant vagueness of Mr. Spence's made up "Reverie," and the still more pleasant Italian landscape of Mr. Macbride, show that the sense, if not absent, is not very keenly present. The artist who feels closely about his medium can relate, he does not merely say things in a pleasant and tasteful way. There is something imposing in Mr. Nisbet's "July Day," and certainly it is water colour and no other medium. But the something imposing also gets in the way, steps in, as it might be a reminiscence of David Cox, to dull the liveliness of his artistic invention—for this also is needed, that the happy fitness of the medium to obtain the object, the meeting between

the two, should be felt by the painter as something of a shock, a surprise, a freshness, as if no one had ever felt just that before. Mr. Nisbet's other pictures, over which no such reminiscence hangs, are so much the less impressive. In them the scene has overborne his sense for the medium, meeting with no sharp resistance. It is true that Mr. Nisbet paints with greater freedom than his fellow-members; but water-colour painting has still not reached with him that state of independence in which it becomes a decisive and controlling influence. He has nothing strong enough to set against nature, so there can be no happy meetings nor the delicacy that is born of them. Mrs. Kay Leather has been fortunate in her Venice sketch, that is to say she has enjoyed the good fortune which comes only to those who start with the necessary sense. And it would not appear, so far, that the artist possessed this beautiful sense for her medium to any extraordinary degree. There is nothing baffling in the charm of her sketch, nothing that passes at all out of reach; it can be followed to the end. But she does possess what lies at the bottom of all beautiful water-colour painting; and the Institute has gathered, six hundred strong, to show what a rare possession that is. O. V. S.

INSURANCE.

AMONG the worst friends of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States must be reckoned the managers who are responsible for the annual report that has recently been issued. The accounts reveal very considerable development and certain excellent features, the best of which is that the funds have yielded the high return of £4 6s. 1d. per cent. on the funds, a rate which shows a large margin above that assumed in valuing recently issued policies, although very little in excess of the 4 per cent. assumed in valuing the bulk of the Society's liabilities. The expenditure is much heavier than usual, being in fact 24.8 per cent. of the premiums, a rate which is in excess of any year since 1891. The claims also are appreciably larger than usual, but no details are given as to how the mortality experienced compares with the mortality expected. The funds, which amount to 58 millions, show an increase of nearly 4 millions, and the gain in valuation of assets at the end of the year amounts to nearly half a million. Beyond the increased expenditure there is nothing much to criticise in the accounts, but the lengthy report which precedes the account contains much that is objectionable and misleading.

Two points are specially emphasised in large type, the surplus and the mutuality of the office, and both of them are dealt with on wrong lines. "The best thing about the Equitable is its surplus." If this were true we should be sorry for the Equitable, because in the sense in which surplus is strength the Equitable of the United States is by no means a strong office. It is true that the Equitable shows a large surplus, but it does so by omitting to show an unquestionable liability. The bulk of the Society's surplus is, or at any rate ought to be, held to provide bonuses already earned by, and practically the property of, certain classes of policies. These accumulations will be distributed at the end of various tontine periods to the particular policy-holders who survive to the end of those periods, but the company is under a liability to pay these bonuses and the amounts accumulated for this purpose are no more a source of financial strength than the reserves which English Life offices hold to provide for the reversionary bonuses allotted to individual policies.

The test of the financial strength of a Life office is the extent to which the provisions for interest on funds, for mortality, and for expenditure exceed the interest being earned, the mortality being experienced, and the expenditure being incurred. In every one of these respects the Equitable of the United States is weak, not strong. The bulk of its liabilities are valued on a basis which assumes that the funds will earn interest at the rate of 4 per cent., though policies more recently effected are valued at 3 and 3½. The Society earns £4 6s. per cent., so that for most of its business there is a margin

of only 6s. per cent. above the rate assumed, while there are British offices with a margin of 36s. per cent.: the latter are strong, the former is weak. The same is true in regard to the provision for expenses, which in the case of the Equitable probably fall short of, rather than exceed, the 24·8 per cent. of the premiums, which in 1899 was the actual expenditure of the office. Once more there are British offices which are strong in this respect, while the Equitable is weak, inasmuch as the actual expenditure of many English companies is 10 per cent. or more below the expenditure provided for. In regard to mortality the difference is also in favour of the bulk of the British offices. For these reasons the statements of the Equitable claiming exceptional strength on fictitious grounds deserve to be strongly criticised.

The mutuality of the office is another point that is not explained in accordance with the whole of the facts. It is true that practically the whole profits of the Society are distributed among the participating policy-holders, but the office is indubitably a proprietary one, as has been proved more than once in various courts of law. Thus a policy-holder at one time wished to restrain the management from making certain investments of which he disapproved: the defence set up by the Society was that the office was a proprietary one, and that the policy-holders had no voice in such matters, and the court upheld this view. The proprietary nature of the Society has been recently established in an English court and to insist in big type on pure mutuality when the office is only partly mutual is distinctly misleading.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OXFORD COLLEGES AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 23 March.

SIR,—The statements made by my friend the Warden of Merton in your issue of 17 March under the erroneous heading "Zoological Science at Oxford" relating to what Oxford Colleges have done for Natural Science—appear to me to be open to grave objection. I hasten to add that I do not for a moment wish to raise a doubt as to the perfect good faith and sincerity of their author. The Warden correctly says that I contended in my preface to Vol. IV. of the Linacre Reports that "colleges have done pitifully little for Natural Science." I contended further and more especially that they are doing pitifully little for the Natural Sciences—and that the persons who at this moment form the governing bodies of colleges are for the major part ignorant of the scope and significance of these studies which they refuse to recognise; that they deliberately and conscientiously use the advantage of their position so as to maintain the present one-sided system and that they discourage the study of the Natural Sciences by those who come as students to Oxford.

The Warden disagrees with me. He says that Natural Science is the spoiled child of the University. To prove the goodwill of the colleges towards Natural Science, he cites the fact that "thirteen Professorships of Mathematics and Natural Science are wholly or partially endowed out of college revenues." About £10,000 a year or the value of fifty fellowships at £200 are, says the Warden, contributed by the colleges to such purposes. Admitted. This proves nothing as to the action of the colleges or what they "do" for Natural Science. The colleges do not *give* this money. It is only a twenty-fifth part of their income and, such as it is, it is taken from them forcibly by Act of Parliament—as are similar sums for the rest of the professoriate and for other University purposes. So far from the colleges "doing" anything voluntarily in this matter—they have always resisted and when possible evaded these enforced contributions. In one case, that of the Warden's own college, Merton, the Parliamentary Commissioners found that for some three hundred years the college had misappropriated the property entrusted to it by the great and learned Linacre for the endowment of two Readers in Natural Science. The Commissioners made the college restore

a portion of this property to its original purpose by compelling it to pay the value of three fellowships (£900) annually to the Linacre Professor whose appointment is no longer entrusted to the college. This cannot with any propriety be quoted as a favourable instance of what a college "does for Natural Science." It is rather an instance of what a college did not do for Natural Science and what a Parliamentary Commission did do.

I think that the Warden unintentionally misleads those who read his letter, when he omits to mention that the professorships and readerships paid for by college contributions or by college revenues are not so paid by any action of the colleges but in spite of the colleges by the action of Parliament. Moreover he should have stated that the other subjects studied at the University have received larger support in this way both in recent and former times than have the Natural Sciences.

The real test in this matter is the *voluntary* action of colleges in electing individuals to those fellowships which are at the unfettered disposal of the college, the qualification being distinction in any of the subjects studied at the University. A further test is their action in appointing lecturers paid out of the undergraduates fees and again in offering scholarships to undergraduates entering the University.

The Warden says very little on these heads. And yet any one can ascertain the facts by looking at the University Calendar. They amply justify my contention.

It appears from the Calendar that the twenty colleges of Oxford (excluding Keble) have 289 fellowships actually filled. This number is exclusive of suspended or vacant fellowships. At a liberal estimate we may deduct 39 of these fellowships as "specially assigned" by statute or foundation to particular subjects. This leaves 250 fellowships which the governing bodies of Oxford colleges have had at their free and voluntary disposal. They have given twelve of these only—less than one-twentieth—to what is called Natural Science. Let us reflect for a moment what this means. To astronomy, to the various branches of physics, the study of heat, light, electricity, dynamics, to chemistry, organic and inorganic, to geology and geography, to physiology with all its branches bearing on the great field of medicine, to comparative anatomy, to embryology, anthropology and botany in its various branches—the colleges have offered twelve fellowships out of 250. Moreover, three of these fellowships—viz. two held by the Professor of Experimental Physics and one held by the Professor of Chemistry—do not count as an indication of modern intentions and good will since the election to them was made by a passed generation—twenty-five or more years ago.

I here append a list in which I have given the name of each college and two figures—the first indicating the number of filled-up fellowships and the second the number of fellowships which have been assigned to Natural Science by the free unfettered action of the college. In this list I, of course, do not reckon in the latter category the Lee's Readers at Christ Church, the Medical fellowships at Pembroke and Wadham, and the fellowships attached by Parliament to certain professorships at New College, Magdalen and Merton. These "statutably assigned" fellowships have their counterparts in other branches of study and are no speciality of Natural Science.

University	...	13	0	New	...	25	1
Balliol	...	12	1	Lincoln	...	9	0
Merton	...	18	2	All Souls	...	33	0
Exeter	...	7	0	Magdalen	...	30	1
Oriel	...	12	0	Brasenose	...	14	1
Queens	...	11	0	Corpus	...	14	0
Christ Church	...	27	1	Wadham	...	7	1
Trinity	...	9	1	Pembroke	...	6	0
S. John's	...	14	1	Worcester	...	9	1
Jesus	...	8	1	Hertford	...	14	1

Without pressing the matter further I may mention that rich colleges like All Souls, Magdalen and Merton are compelled by their statutes to assign a minimal proportion of their fellowships to subjects not included in the schools of Literæ Humaniores or Modern History.

So that even the "good will" indicated by less than one-twentieth of the fellowships at the disposal of college meetings—assumes in some cases the character of reluctant compliance with the law. The college endowments at the disposal of the colleges are not limited to the 250 fellowships which I have cited above. There are nineteen headships of colleges—each on an average worth seven "ordinary" fellowships; they are at the disposal of college Fellows, and are equivalent to another 133 fellowships. Not one of these posts is or has been for the last seventy years given to a student of the Natural Sciences.

Let us now look at the list of college lecturers. [I cannot undertake for want of space to deal here with the scholarships—though in this matter the disproportion of assignment of endowment, against the Natural Sciences, is even greater than in the other series.] There are about one hundred and forty college lecturers and tutors employed by the Oxford colleges. They divide a fund of about £60,000 annually which is levied as a compulsory tax by the colleges upon their undergraduate members. Undergraduates who study Natural Science pay this tax to the same amount as those who study other subjects. Yet there are only twelve college lecturers in Natural Science in the whole set of twenty colleges. These twelve include the three Lee's Readers at Christ Church. The Warden of Merton told me ten years ago that he considered the teaching staff of Merton College thoroughly representative. "We have" he said "four lecturers in Greek and Roman Literature, History and Philosophy, one in Modern History, two in Mathematics, one in Divinity, one in Law and one in Natural Science"—"one in Natural Science"—a chemist who was not a Fellow of the college but represented for Merton all the vast field of knowledge comprised under the term Natural Science!

It is abundantly clear from the facts I have cited—facts which anyone can ascertain from the University Calendar—that "the colleges do pitifully little for Natural Science." In the face of these facts the Warden's protestations of his approval of Natural Science as a subject of education and his unblushing statement that Natural Science is the spoiled child of the University produce in me a feeling akin to—not quite the same as—that with which I read of the terms of endearment employed by baby-farmers to their doomed charges.

The Warden is good enough to say "as promising students of Natural Science became more numerous I would offer them a larger proportion of college fellowships." In my preface to Vol. IV. of the Linacre Reports which is the Warden's text, I had already pointed out that there are persons who say as much, and that there are others who say that promising students of Natural Science will not become more but less numerous if you do not offer them a larger proportion of college fellowships. I think I can best explain the objection which I entertain to the Warden's policy by the quotation of an account of the proceedings at a London police court which recently came to my notice.

"Martha B—, a well-to-do looking woman, was charged together with her husband Richard B— with ill-using and neglecting her stepson, a boy of fifteen. The boy was brought into court. He was in an extremely emaciated condition and no bigger than a child of eight. It was proved that the only food allowed by Martha B— to her stepchild consisted of a single crust of bread a day weighing four ounces. In reply to the magistrate the woman repudiated the charge of cruelty and neglect. She declared that she was very much attached to 'the dear little fellow' and that he was the spoiled child of her husband. She considered four ounces of bread a day quite enough food for a child of that size and said that when he grew bigger and stronger she intended to give him more to eat in proportion to his size. It was a mistake, she said, to waste good food on small children. Let them wait till they grew up. She and her husband were in the habit of eating a pound and a half of meat every day. The magistrate remanded the prisoners observing that Martha B— must be strangely ignorant if she supposed that a child could grow without proper nourish-

ment and pointed out that if she waited to give it more food until it spontaneously increased in size, the child would die of atrophy. He regarded her statement as a mere excuse and as a proof that she was unfit to have the care of the child."

The Warden's decision in favour of offering more fellowships to students of Natural Science when they become more numerous, is very similar to that of Martha B— to give her stepchild more food when he grew bigger.

In regard to the worthlessness of the "college or tutorial system" the Warden has not misrepresented my opinion. He with poetic fervour declares the system to be "the life-blood of the English Universities." I do not think the metaphor at all appropriate. Were I to accept it, I should add that the English Universities are suffering from a blood-disease—resembling leucocytosis. But the college or tutorial system of teaching and study in the University is by no means analogous to the blood-vascular system of an organism. It was always something adventitious and of the nature of a tax levied by the resident masters of arts upon the youth or parents of the youth who desired to be presented for a degree. Its organisation in Oxford during the last sixty years has given it a varnish of respectability but it is essentially a boarding-house keeper's scheme for securing a lucrative monopoly (fees to the amount of sixty thousand pounds a year) to themselves—a limited body of resident graduates for whose competence as teachers and tutors there is no guarantee and against whose inadequacy there is no appeal and no antidote. The intrusion of the college system of compulsory fees and tutorial teaching into the University has been compared, somewhat harshly, to the invasion of the courts of the Temple of Jerusalem by traffickers to whom it was said on their expulsion "It is written 'My House shall be called a House of Prayer.'"

I am so far in agreement with the Warden that I believe the future of the University of Oxford to depend upon the decision of the question as to whether the fees paid by undergraduates for instruction shall be voluntarily paid by them to such professors and other teachers as they may choose or shall be in the future as now arbitrarily exacted and retained by the college to which the undergraduate betakes himself for board and lodging. That healthy compound—freedom of the teacher and freedom of the student—Lehr-Freiheit und Lernen-Freiheit—must some day in Oxford as in Germany replace the sickly fluid which the Warden of Merton with pathetic candour declares to be at present circulating in the vital channels of our Universities.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,

E. RAY LANKESTER.

Honorary Fellow of Exeter College; late Fellow of Merton College and Linacre Professor in the University of Oxford.

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—Under this appropriate heading a correspondent, who has not the courage to give his name, fills two columns of your paper with accusations against me which violate alike the canons of veracity and the decisions of civilised controversy. His imputations are not only untrue: they are directly the reverse of the truth; and as he had my words avowedly before him as he wrote, he forces me reluctantly to the conclusion that his misrepresentation of what I wrote was deliberate. The first sentence of your correspondent's letter forms the text of his two columns of coarse vituperation. It is as follows:—

"Canon MacColl is apparently never tired of essaying to defame our gallant soldiers in South Africa and at the same time to hold up the most truculent Boers as models of Christian gentlemen."

Such is the accusation on which "Grey Scout" exhausts his vocabulary of abuse over two columns of print, evidently in the belief that none of your readers would take the trouble to verify his assertions. I will

now supply them once for all with a criterion of "Grey Scout's" trustworthiness. The following are quotations from the communications to the "Observer" on which he bases his accusation. In reply to those who characterised the reverses of our troops in South Africa I wrote:—

"Reverses in war are not necessarily humiliations; certainly not for brave men who nobly die." "I have repeatedly expressed my admiration of the conduct of our troops in South Africa, and denied that any one of the reverses which they have sustained reflects the slightest humiliation upon them. . . . To be beaten by brave and skilful adversaries occupying superior coigns of vantage is no discredit to any troops. . . . Lord Roberts is not only a gallant soldier, but an honourable and a humane gentleman."

So much for my untiring defamation of our gallant soldiers in South Africa. Now for a specimen of what I said about the Boers:—

"If one ventures to suggest that charges of inhumanity and treachery against the Boers ought to be sifted and proved before they are believed and propagated to inflame the passions of our soldiers, one runs the risk of being denounced as unpatriotic. Not the Boers only, but the correspondents of our London newspapers have reported cases of our own troops firing on Boer white flags. We rightly call for proof that such firing was intentional before believing it. Should not natural justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, prompt us to make the same allowance for the Boers which we are ready to make for ourselves? There may be brutal and treacherous individuals in all armies without affecting the character of the army." In saying this I did but anticipate the following generous tribute paid by Lord Methuen after the relief of Kimberley:—

"I have fought four fights, and though some of the enemy's men have been guilty of dastardly tricks, it must be remembered that the Boer army is not organised under the same discipline as the British. I never wish to meet a braver or more generous General than Cronje, and I have never served in a war where less vindictive feelings existed between the two opposing armies than in this." Before this manly speech was made I had written:—

"I don't deny that both white flag and red cross may have been purposely fired at sometimes; but I prefer to adopt the explanation of 'The Times' special correspondent at Cape Town—namely, that the Boer officers have been doing their best to conduct the war according to the usages of civilised and humane warfare; but that some of the Boers living in contact with savages have not learnt the usages of civilised warfare, and these may have sometimes abused the white flag; but that it has been probably abused chiefly by some of the cosmopolitan mercenaries in the Boer army. All I claim, however, is that we should give the Boers the benefit of the rules of reasoning and equity which we claim for ourselves, and reserve our judgment until we have clear proof."

All our commanders in South Africa have borne glad testimony to the great kindness and humanity of the Boers—Lord Roberts not later than last week. What is to be thought of a man's sense of fairness who ignores all this while fastening on reported cases of abusing the white flag, some of them afterwards proved to be accidental?

All the facts stated above were before your correspondent as he wrote. Behold his qualification for denouncing "the most truculent Boers!" It is well for our gallant soldiers in South Africa that they are not commanded by such as he.

Having now shown what manner of man "Grey Scout" is, I shall not trouble myself again to read anything written by a man who has not the courage to attest his slanders by his signature. To a man deficient in the sense of honour nothing is easier than to prove, by means of garbled quotations, anything which his malice may chance to suggest.—I am, &c.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

THE NEW CODE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London School Board, 29 March, 1900.

SIR,—The controversy which is now raging over the alterations in the Code of the Education Department certainly does not exaggerate the momentous importance of the new proposals.

The old plan was to encourage managers and teachers to exploit to the full the grant-earning capacity of the children so as to extract the largest amount of money from the exchequer without regard to local circumstances or requirements. In future, if the new Code is passed, managers and teachers, in full security of a reasonable grant, and free from the grinding necessity of pot-hunting in all directions, will be able to utilise their brains and experience in devising sound curricula, suited to the needs of their own particular schools and neighbourhoods.

The merits of the Block Grant are so great that none of those who oppose the alteration dare to make a direct frontal attack upon it.

The ostensible reasons for opposing it are:—

1. That it will inflict pecuniary loss on certain schools both Board and Voluntary.
2. That it will encourage inefficiency.
3. That it leaves too much to inspectors.

The first is no doubt true: but if some schools lose, others will gain by the change. Our schools are intended to educate the children and not to make money for the managers: and greater freedom and elasticity in education are worth having, even at a more considerable pecuniary loss.

The second argument depends upon the meaning of the word "efficiency" in an elementary school. Seekers after many, various, and variable grants count all fish that come into their net: and the fact of having earned the highest possible amount is taken by them as a proof of their efficiency without any regard for the effect of such a system on the children for whom the schools are maintained. Who shall say that a school, which under the old code received, besides the ordinary grants, grants for two specific subjects—say chemistry and botany or animal physiology, was a more efficient organ of elementary education than a school which under the new code will get 22s. a head for teaching English, arithmetic, drawing or needlework, geography, history and common things, singing and physical exercises?

Nor is it fair to assume, as all appear to do who make this complaint, that the additional money gained by poorer schools under the new Code will not be spent in improving their efficiency.

The appeal against the increased power of inspectors is one which cannot well be sustained until the new instructions to inspectors are issued. But when progressive majorities on School Boards, who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to the title "Educationists," accuse inspectors of being *faddists*, one is forcibly reminded of the use of the opprobrious epithet applied by the pot to the kettle.

The real motives, apart from the pecuniary aspect of the case, which actuate the "progressive" opposition especially of the London School Board to the Code are:—

First, dislike of anything which helps Voluntary schools in their unequal struggle with Board schools. Secondly, the check which they receive to their projected invasion of the province of secondary education. Thirdly, the hindrance offered by the increased power of inspectors to their ambition of being a law to themselves and as independent as possible of the Education Department.

Looking at the minor alterations—the change of grant to pupil teachers is consequent upon the alteration in their term of instruction. It is true that under the old system it was possible to earn a grant at the rate of £12 for four years; but the average grant earned under the School Board for London, which may be taken as a fair sample, was £7 10s. in the four years or £1 17s. 6d. a year. Therefore a grant of £2 a year for three years is rather an increase than otherwise.

As regards the exclusion from grant of scholars over fourteen years of age who have been under instruction in the three elementary subjects in Standard VII. for more than one year, it would perhaps have been better to substitute the words "two years" for "one year."

It might also have been advisable to widen the difference in the grants to satisfactory schools (22s.) and less satisfactory (21s.) to a greater extent than one shilling.

Some satisfactory provision for the organisation of higher grade and secondary schools in England is sorely needed, whether on the lines of the Scotch system, as so many desire, or otherwise. But the new Code, whilst giving facilities for elasticity and thoroughness in elementary teaching, in no way shuts the door to development in higher education.—Yours faithfully,

W. C. BRIDGEMAN.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your REVIEW has a high reputation for justice, and I feel sure you will allow me to point out how unfair your strictures on the Bishop of Worcester are, in connexion with his letter to his clergy on Prayers for the Dead. I do not think the writer of the paragraph can have seen the full text of the Bishop's letter, a copy of which I enclose for his careful perusal.

Surely his words are altogether unjustifiable in the light of what the Bishop has actually said about praying for the dead. The Bishop is careful to point out that he does not condemn prayers for the sainted dead. He does not even *forbid* his clergy to use the form: he hopes they will abstain from using the suffrage in *public worship*, lest it should give offence to members of their congregation.

The whole point of his letter is that he feels bound to utter a warning against the introduction into a service *for public use* of a doctrine which the compilers and revisers of the Prayer Book looked upon as a dangerous one (to judge from the way in which they struck such prayers out of the book), and which the Bishop feels must necessarily therefore be contrary to the spirit of that book.—I am, yours faithfully,

CLERICUS.

[The position of the writer of this letter entitles his remonstrance to consideration. We should be sorry to do an injustice to the Bishop of Worcester, as to any other man, but we cannot admit that we have done him any kind of injustice. We described the Bishop's letter as (1) a breach of good manners (2) narrow (3) intolerant.

1. Manners may perhaps be a matter of taste. Does "Clericus" think it graceful in a Bishop to receive a form of intercession, authorised by the two Archbishops and on more than one occasion expressly explained and commended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request to his clergy not to use it, coupled with the comment that it "wears the colour of a party"? In any case, to take the opposite view can hardly be so singular as to make it unfair to the Bishop to do so.

2. Seeing that there is no question of the spiritual authority and legality of the form of prayer in question and that on the Bishop's own admission, "many good men and women use such prayers daily," is it not narrow to resent the promulgation of a form responding to such people's devotional needs, at a crisis when such needs are felt with peculiar force?

3. Is it not intolerant in one who does not object on principle to the prayer in question to use the influence of his authority indiscriminately to prevent its use in the churches of his diocese? Toleration would surely allow its use in churches according as the worshippers and clergy felt the need of it. But the Bishop draws no distinction between churches where the whole regular congregation would be in favour of using the form in question and those where they would be against the use. This seems to us the height of intolerance.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

INFELIX.

"Decorations: in Verse and Prose." By Ernest Dowson. London: Smithers. 1900. 5s. net.

THE poetry of Ernest Dowson owes much to Swinburne, and to other equally dangerous models; but, at its best, it becomes personal in form as it is always personal in feeling. There is a perceptible echo of Swinburne even in the very fine lines called "Dregs," which were printed the other day in these columns; lines which seem to have been written for the epitaph of a grave on which the earth was then but freshly stamped down. But in poems so different as the "O mors! quam amara est memoria tua homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis" of the "Verses" of 1896 and the lines "To a Lady asking foolish questions" of the new volume, there is a particular quality of delicacy, more like scent than sound, which we shall scarcely find anywhere in the more varied and powerful work of other contemporary poets. A beautiful poem in the earlier volume is called "Chanson sans paroles," and at times Dowson seems to refine his words and etherealise his cadences until song becomes literally disembodied, the melody of a nightingale or a Melba. At times, as in the monumental "Cynara," passion intensifies beauty; more often it is a song of desire conscious that it can never attain, and regret accepting renunciation rather than loss. "The weary ways of men and one woman I shall forget:" that is the utmost of his hope; and it is after all

"The exquisite one crown,
Which crowns one day with all its calm
The passionate and the weak."

The whole of this verse is the song of one who is both passionate and weak, and it is all a lament, said over in a low voice, by one who has the pride of the unfortunate, and scarcely wishes to be overheard, as he makes his own confession of the futility of earthly things. Quite simply he says over his verses of "Ecclesiastes," accepting them perhaps too readily, too unconsciously, to add much emphasis to so learned an experience of life. It is his pathetic unconsciousness that gives him much of his charm, so limited, so exquisite within its limits. He has not the intellect of a great poet, to whom intellect must deepen passion as it finds out all its painful reasons; but he escapes that interference, fatal to so many, of an intellect just considerable enough to turn poetry into prose. Feeling passes directly into music, without staying to scrutinise itself by the way; an emotion always a little tired—

"I was not sorrowful, but only tired
Of everything that ever I desired"—

exhausted always by its own momentary vehemence, not the kind of emotion which has "thought itself weary" over the problems which it suggests to the too active mind. And there is a very remarkable technical skill, concealed for the most part, in the composition of these quiet pieces. Dowson was very fond of the difficult and delightful Alexandrine metre, and no one has ever made Alexandrines sing as he has made them sing. People whose ears are too English to follow the exquisite rhythms of French verse can realise something of the beauty of a line of Racine or of Vigny or of Verlaine by reading, in Dowson's English, a line such as:

"Our viols cease, our wine is death, our roses fail"

in its subtle contrast with such a line as:

"They are but come together for more loneliness."

He did not attempt many metres, and is always at his best in iambics; but his sense of the melody of words was at once precise and subtle, and almost all his poems are exercises in verbal music, succeeding, at their best, so perfectly, as to leave you with a vague impression that their beauty is almost an accident, within almost anybody's reach. Dowson, no doubt, wrote easily when he wrote at all; but it was the ease of one who has made himself master of his instrument. In the work of most other contemporary poets there is a great deal of prose along with a certain amount of poetry. In Dowson's work there is at all events no prose.

Some of it is like a flower plucked away from the root: it can but fade in an hour. But there remain a definite number of pieces which, when everything is forgotten about their writer, except a vague legend that he lived unhappily and died young, will always be sure of a place in the Golden Treasuries of the future.

CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION.

"The Eve of the Reformation." By Francis Aidan Gasquet. London: Nimmo. 1900. 12s. 6d. net.

"Desiderius Erasmus." By Ephraim Emerton. New York and London: Putnams. 1899. 6s.

"The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526." By E. Belfort Bax. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 6s.

A GREAT change has passed over public opinion on the subject of the Reformation. No doubt a great change was necessary if the historic perspective was to be gained, for the Reformation had been studied through the medium of violent prejudices; at every turn the student's conclusions had been dictated to him in advance by the conditions of his own time or the supposed requirements of Protestant orthodoxy. Within the last century the pendulum has swung far in the opposite direction, and there is now perhaps, some danger that, in certain quarters, the reaction shall proceed too far. We have placed together at the head of this article three books of unequal merit, but all possessed of some merit, which from very different standpoints handle the same theme—the causes of the Reformation.

Dom Gasquet is favourably known to the literary world as the apologist of the monasteries, which the ruthless policy of Henry VIII. destroyed. He possesses an agreeable style, a large and curious information, and very definite convictions. He avoids, as a rule, indulging in any severities of criticism, even when he evidently feels strongly, and he is obviously anxious to commend himself to the confidence of his readers as before all things an impartial writer. His thesis—nowhere plainly stated but everywhere implied—is sufficiently simple. The Reformation was from beginning to end an artificial thing. The Mediaeval Church did not deserve it; the people did not want it; and, as a matter of fact, it was an unnecessary and, for the most part, mischievous event. The craft of the Tudor, the godless greed of his courtiers, the importation of heresy from Germany, and certain political accidents are the true explanations of the mighty revolution which Protestant historians have assumed to be the climax and result of great causes, social, moral, intellectual, working in the preceding ages. Dom Gasquet's method is simplicity itself. He sets before us the picture of an almost ideal English Church, governed by a courtly, pious, and learned hierarchy, famous throughout Christendom for sanctity and the generous patronage of scholarship, united by an affectionate loyalty to the Supreme Pontiff, served by a pure and laborious clergy, obeyed by a devoted laity. Nothing is wanting to the perfection of ecclesiastical life. The "open Bible" on which Protestants are accustomed to vaunt themselves was the familiar possession of the mediaeval Churchman: preaching, the special feature of "our Reformers," rather fell off than gained by the Reformation. The simplest devotee at the wonder-working shrines of Walsingham or Canterbury distinguished carefully between the homage due to the saints and the worship due to Deity alone. Indulgences and pardons were not really abused. The superstition of the Middle Ages is a Protestant fiction. Popular life was a bright and worthy thing until the Reformation destroyed the kindly customs and confiscated the ample revenues of the parishes. Materials for this picture are provided by a very simple process—the careful selection of witnesses, and the rigid limitation of the inquiry. All that Dom Gasquet adduces as evidence might be allowed without bringing his theory of a golden age preceding the Reformation any nearer the acceptance of thoughtful historical students: for the adverse evidence which he leaves out of count is far weightier and more voluminous and, when all is said, the problem remains unsolved. The Reformation becomes all the more perplexing, if it had no real justifications in the abuses and difficulties of the time.

The Roman Catholic theory demands a veritable sacrifice of the intellect on the altar of orthodox sentiment.

The unwary reader may perhaps be in some danger of falling a victim to the delusive certitude which marks Dom Gasquet's literary style, and he needs to be warned against a certain carelessness in the treatment of authorities. Especially when Anglican scholars are adduced in evidence it will be advisable to maintain an attitude of reserve. To give a few examples. We are told that Archbishop Cranmer in the "Preface to the Bishops' Bible" attests the fact that "copies of the English Scriptures had previously been in daily use with ecclesiastical sanction," that indeed "the whole of his argument for allowing a new version . . . rests on the well-known custom of the Church to allow vernacular versions." We turn to the preface (not of the "Bishops' Bible," which was issued in Elizabeth's reign with a Preface by Archbishop Parker, but) of the "Great Bible" put forward by Royal authority in 1540. It fills fourteen pages of the Clarendon Press edition of Cranmer's Works. The reference to custom, so far from being "the whole of his argument" hardly takes up one-third of a page, and so far from supporting Dom Gasquet's contention really points in the contrary direction. Cranmer appeals against the existing practice of the Church to "the more ancient custom," and apparently refers, though of course without naming him, to Wycliffe's version. A few years later the Archbishop had to defend the issue of the English Bible against the Devonshire Rebels, who demanded in their tenth article its suppression. "Until God's Word came to light," he says, "the Bishop of Rome, under the Prince of Darkness, reigned quietly in the world." More than once Dom Gasquet appeals to Mr. Brewer, of whom he justly observes that his "intimate knowledge of this period of our national history is admitted on all hands," but he culls one quotation from the middle of a paragraph, which, read as a whole, certainly modifies it, and another quotation is inaccurate, a whole clause being omitted. Dr. Stubbs, again, is adduced as evidence for the statement that "from the days of King Ethelred 'a third part of the tithe' which belonged to the Church was the acknowledged birthright of the poorer members of Christ's flock," but a reference to the "Constitutional History" so far from justifying this statement, categorically disproves it.

Two of Dom Gasquet's principal contentions are disposed of by the books we have before us. Professor Emerton's masterly account of Erasmus enables the reader to appreciate how far the versatile scholar was "a sound Catholic." That he was as sound a Catholic as Leo X., and many contemporary prelates may be allowed, but that is consistent with as wide a departure from mediaeval orthodoxy as the most extreme advocates of the Protestantism of Erasmus have ever asserted. The fact is that Erasmus was as little of a Protestant in Luther's sense, as of a Catholic in Fisher's. He hated theology, loathed the monks, mocked at the current superstitions, and enjoyed his own importance. "We have no suggestion in the eleven months of his (last) stay at Basel of any personal dealings with the Roman clergy, nor of the presence of any minister of religion at his death-bed. He had lived a cosmopolitan of the earth; he died, so far as we know, a cosmopolitan of the world to come—a Christian man trusting for his future to the simple faith in right doing and straight thinking which had really been his creed through life." The final judgment of the Roman Church on Erasmus is the best comment on Dom Gasquet's theory. "In this first Papal Index [sc. that issued by Paul IV. in 1559] Erasmus takes a place of extraordinary prominence. Not only was he placed in the first class [of authors who were heretics by intention], but a special clause was added to his name: 'with all his commentaries, notes, scholia, dialogues, letters, censures, translations, books, and writings, even when they contain nothing against religion and about religion.' The Council of Trent mitigated this savage condemnation, but the name of Erasmus is yet represented on the Roman Index by his best known works."

Mr. Belfort Bax demolishes the theory of a golden age at the close of the mediæval period. His account of the peasants' war in Germany is painful reading. His bias is indeed too little restrained, and weakens the effect which he desires to obtain. It is difficult to pardon any author such epithets as he applies to Melancthon, against whom Mr. Bax evidently feels the keenest dislike. He is "the malignant toady Melancthon," "Luther's little dog, Melancthon," "Luther's jackal" and so forth. But the facts are more eloquent than any rhetoric. The misery of the German peasantry provided the revolutionary forces, which the Reformers set in motion. In England the situation was less desperate than in Germany. The rising of the peasants in 1381 was the insular counterpart of the peasants' war of 1525-1526. Both events revealed to view the widespread and intolerable misery of the mediæval poor. Dom Gasquet quotes much from the writings of Sir Thomas More, but he omits all reference to the well-known description of rural distress contained in the earlier part of the "Utopia." That description written in 1515-1516, more than twenty years before the destruction of the monasteries, goes far to disprove the thesis that the popular wretchedness of the time had its causes in the Reformation.

DANTE AT MAYNOOTH.

"The Life and Works of Dante Allighieri." By J. F. Hogan. London: Longmans. 1899. 12s. 6d.

DR. HOGAN has been lecturing on Dante to the students at Maynooth, and has published his lectures in a good-sized volume. To the first no one will object; the second seems a trifle adventurous. It is required of a lecturer only that his knowledge of the subject be a little greater than that possessed by his lecturees, and indeed we can conceive a very good lecturer without even that qualification. Lectures after all are intended to stimulate rather than to inform, and so long as a lecturer avoids palpable blunders, takes an interest in his subject and knows how to make that interest contagious, we do not see why he should not do very well.

When it comes to writing a book, however, the case is somewhat altered. Readers have a right to expect either some new information or at least some novelty in the presentation of the old; or, if the subject be one admitting of controversy, some indication that the writer has made himself acquainted with at least the most recent opinions and the evidence on which they have been formed; and, where historical points are involved, should have taken some pains to get up his facts accurately and with due discrimination of the comparative values of authorities. Here Dr. Hogan cannot, we fear, be regarded as a competent guide. What his notion of evidence is appears very early in the book. He reproduces the old story, resting on no authority, that Brunetto Latini drew Dante's horoscope; adding in a note: "Of this fact we have proof in Dante's own words." The "proof," of course, amounts to no more than the often-quoted passage of the "Inferno" where the old statesman and scholar bids the poet follow his star, and he will not miss his haven of glory, "if I noted aright when in life." As it happens, we know that Brunetto set no great store by astrological prediction; while Dante's own treatment of astrologers (in the modern sense of the word) leads us to suppose that if he had believed his old friend to be addicted to those practices, he would have found him quarters even less desirable than those he has assigned to him.

On such a subject as the mediæval conception of the Empire, a clear view of which is essential to a proper understanding of Dante, Dr. Hogan seems to be content with the unscientific notions of a century ago. He repeatedly refers to the Emperors, even the Italian-speaking Frederick II. and the French-speaking Henry VII., as "German invaders." Yet if the cardinals were at liberty to elect a French or English Pope, why should the electors be forbidden a German Emperor? Why was Barbarossa an "invader" any more than Hadrian? or why had Henry less right to visit his capital than Clement to desert his see? Nor,

indeed, is there, so far as we are aware, the slightest indication in any contemporary writer that the opposition to the Emperors in Lombardy, Tuscany, or elsewhere was based on any "German invader" sentiment. The wealthy and powerful city-republics had no love for an overlord whether from north or south of the Alps; and we may be sure that the election of an Italian Emperor, say in 1308, would have been the signal for no less bloodshed than attended the progress of the ill-fated Henry of Luxemburg.

We have dwelt at some length on the historical part of the book, because it is mainly on its treatment of the history that a book professing to expound Dante for the general reader needs in these days to be judged. Dr. Hogan gives us little or no æsthetic criticism—his state is the more gracious. He is quite sound on the Beatrice question. His summary of the narrative of the "Commedia" is accurate on the whole. There are plenty of others, no doubt; but the ground is pretty spacious, and there is room for many tracks over it. The chief fault to be found with the book is a lack of proof-revision. Small blunders, like that which makes Wenceslas of Bohemia "sire" to his own father, or an even more grotesque one, crediting the Assyrians, of all people, with lamenting "the desolation of Jerusalem" are too frequent. Let us hope Dr. Hogan will have an early opportunity of correcting them.

A PURITAN MYSTIC OF OLD WALES.

"Gweithiau Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd." Edited by Thomas E. Ellis. Bangor: Jarvis and Foster. London: Dent. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

THE reader has before him in this collection of Welsh and English poetry and prose (the editorship of which was the valuable and patriotic work of the leisure hours of the late Opposition Whip) a picture of the black Puritan tempest and of the dark spirits that rode thereon, as they appeared to the idealising imagination of a Celtic poet.

Herein lies the chief charm of the volume. Otherwise the author both in his poetry and prose save as the master of a terse and idiomatic Welsh style just misses greatness. Imaginative and receptive as he is, Puritanism has estranged him from the Celtic poet's true home "nature." 'Tis his hard task to

"press the rue for wine,"

to struggle to idealise Philistia and the Ironside, until he finds that here is naught but vanity and vexation of spirit. And he escapes from Philistinism only to sink into Mysticism and silence.

His earlier poems however with the exception of the first (p. 3) (which is written during the Civil War) depict the feelings of the Puritan enthusiast in the first hour of triumph, when he expects in his own time an Astræa redux, a rule of the Saints on earth (pp. 18-31). The dreary winter has fled, wherein Beelzebub and the Pope have made Christendom their slaughter-house. Ere the old men die the nations shall bury Rome.

"One fierce and farewell storme, and then
The evening will be cleare."

Meanwhile the bard, who is writing in 1648, gives some hints on practical politics. Ireland must be "ploughed again," grim anticipation of Wexford and Drogheda, Scotland who has become "sour Marah" shall be reproved.

"O Wales, poore Rachel, thou shalt beare
Sad Hannah now rejoyce
The last is first, the summer comes
To heare the turtle's voice."

On p. 58 there is a poem on "Charles the last King of Britain." "This pen" we hear "loathes to touch dead Charles." Withal a spirit of unctuous self-righteousness pervades the verses. During this period Llwyd is an Independent. He has been, he tells us (p. 57), "converted" in Denbighshire, probably by Walter Cradock. He has preached and prayed for years around the camp fires of the Roundhead troopers. Cradock, Erbury and Vavasour Powell, the wild Welshmen, who so distress the orthodox soul of Richard Baxter, are all his allies, and he is inspiring

the infamous Welsh ecclesiastical policy of the powers that be.

The second period in the poet's life, which the later poems and prose writings illustrate, is the period of disillusion with all things external, and of growing conviction that only in a super-sensual life can true peace be found. He is now under the influence of the famous German mystic Jacob Behmen, the poem "O wisdom come" (p. 37) being only a versification of Behmen's "appeal of the soul to the noble Sophia its love." And the mysticism deepens as the days grow darker. In the state he sees (pp. 92, 93) that "one shall wear the crown" and he abandons the visions of his youth with the despairing cry

"It matters not at all
How this short world doth go."

At home he sees in the vineyard of the Lord, that he has planted at Wrexham (pp. 88-91) "the thorns and bryers" newly come up, and he can but weep

"And for my vineyard, what could I
Have done more than I did?"

One touch however of the old Ironside spirit flashes out, when the Dutch assail the rights of Englishmen. Unlike some of his contemporary countrymen Llwyd sings (p. 77)

"Fight not the Dutch but on Christ's score
(And civil rights are his)
If you do not some shall do more,
And shall not do amisse."

To this period pertains the "Llyfyr y tri aderyn" (the book of the three birds) (pp. 151-256). This book in the author's words is "a mystery for some to discern;" but 'tis beyond the power of a modern reader to make any harmony in this "indigesta moles" of politics, astrology, fifth-monarchy hallucinations, and poetical psychology. Its apparent aim is to press for the complete abolition of a parochial ministry. The three birds, who here do the talking, are the raven, the eagle and the dove. The raven (the bad bird, whom Noah sent out of the Ark) who is occasionally identified with anti-Christ, stands for the hierarchical spirit, not only of the Roman and Anglican Churches but also of the existing Puritan establishment, for it is the voice of the raven that is still heard in the pulpits, and the parish churches are but empty barns. The dove typifies the spirit of those who like the author accept the pure religion of a non-sacramental mysticism. To the eagle, who stands for Cromwell, the dove appeals to accept her religion, and regenerate Wales. This contemporary portrait of the Lord Protector deserves the attention of all students. It is the picture of a gentleman and of a statesman of views and aspirations liberal beyond his age: but withal of one who exhibits a weakness and hesitation both in religion and politics, widely apart from the Oliver of Carlyle and suggestive rather of the Third Napoleon. The psychology of the book is derived from Behmen. There is much vague talk about the unimportance of the differences between Christians: all the same the Book of Common Prayer must be buried out of sight. The "dove" denies any efficacy in water baptism, and approaches the Quaker position with sympathy. Nevertheless George Fox thought very little of Llwyd's followers.

In "Lazarus and his Sisters Discoursing on Paradise" (pp. 270-293) the author nears Neo-Platonism and expressly breaks with an essentially Protestant doctrine, for he denies that the "souls of believers at death are made perfect in holiness" (p. 58). Though there are some fine passages drawn in part from Catholic theologians, to read the book is to appreciate Tennyson's lines:

"He told it not or something sealed
The lips of the evangelist."

MRS. LYNN LINTON'S REMINISCENCES.

"My Literary Life." By Mrs. Lynn Linton. With a Prefatory Note by Miss Beatrice Harraden. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899. 3s. 6d.

MRS. LYNN LINTON never wrote ill, but sometimes she wrote hastily, and all her faults of temper and judgment are unpleasantly illustrated in the

fragmentary reminiscences which she did not live to complete or revise. Professor Robertson Nicoll who writes an Introduction appears to be satisfied with the text as it stands, but Miss Beatrice Harraden, who contributes a Prefatory Note, has the grace to regret that her "dear friend" is not here to "tone down some of her pungent remarks and criticisms." Precisely. Then why not do it for her? On the last page, for instance, there is a positively cruel insult to a worthy and blameless gentleman of which the writer herself must have repented when she read it in cold blood. It is nothing less than a scandal that such a sentence should have been reprinted. Has Professor Nicoll or Miss Harraden glanced through the proofs? Even if it was not their duty to shield the memory of their friend at least they might have corrected the misprints. Leicester Square, Bayswater, we may remind them, will not be found in the London Directory, nor is philanthropy (which occurs twice) a word recorded in the English dictionary. Mrs. Lynn Linton, we know, wrote a very difficult hand. The printer may stand excused, not the editor.

Pious care was the more necessary as the brief chapters here published are avowedly only part of an autobiography which the author had in view. In spite of occasional slips they show that to the last she remained mistress of the simple nervous style which was most remarkably displayed in the SATURDAY REVIEW at the expense of "The Girl of the Period." It is amusing to watch the writer's attitude towards George Henry Lewes and George Eliot. The man she felt bound to reprobate, but could not help liking; the woman she disliked, but endeavoured to appreciate. His conversation we learn was positively shocking in its freedom, and his manners were as free as his talk, but his censor dwells with much more emphasis on his brilliant persiflage, his readiness in scientific discussion, and the "patch of intellectual sunshine" which he spread in any room he entered. She is very gentle to irregularities in his conduct which in George Eliot she finds deeply reprehensible. But "Marian Evans," we are told, when she was first seen in London, was "essentially under bred and provincial," dressed badly, held her hands and arms kangaroo-fashion; and "assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership." For a time Mrs. Lynn Linton almost liked George Eliot—the time when she was first settled with Lewes in S. John's Wood, while there was as yet "none of the pretence of a sanctioned union which came afterwards." At this period she was "frank, genial, natural, and brimful of happiness." But she was spoiled by success and adulation, and became artificial in her attempt to pose at the same time as conventional and insurgent—"the upholder of the sanctity of marriage while living as the wife of a married man"—never forgetting herself or "throwing aside the trappings or the airs of a benign Sibyl."

A more interesting chapter, if less highly seasoned, deals with Landor, Dickens, and Thackeray. To the first Mrs. Lynn Linton was romantically attached, and as a girl she had received many kindnesses at his hand. His faults and follies she freely confesses, but his was an heroic nature. "No shabby underhand insinuations for him, no slimy insincerity—fair to your face and foul behind your back—no treacherous letting you down when your foes assailed you, and a little kudos might be gained by joining in the cry." Mrs. Lynn Linton was much dissatisfied with the biography written by his friend John Forster. It was "cold and carping and unsympathetic." Well, she got it to review, and "took the skin off him." For that we may take her word—without referring to our file. Dickens she knew better than Thackeray—the latter indeed was not much more than an honoured acquaintance, but the former (who bought Gad's Hill from her father) she met frequently. The difference between the two men as friends was illustrated by Lewes. Dickens would give nobody a farthing but would take any amount of trouble—spend the whole day in finding you suitable lodgings. Thackeray would grumble about writing a two-line testimonial, but would give you a handful of sovereigns or bank-notes if you wanted them.

Dickens, we are told, had no eye for beauty in itself. "He could love a comparatively plain woman—and

did." ("And did" is good.) But Thackeray's fancy was stirred by beauty. Then comes a very provocative passage. Both men, we hear, could love passionately and even madly. "The secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It will never be written, and it is best that it should not be." This is all very well. But either we ought to be told the whole story, or nothing should be said about it. We half suspect Mrs. Lynn Linton of taking a leaf from the book of one Herodotus, who, whenever he was cornered with a difficulty he could not explain, broke off with the remark that "it would be profane to enlarge on this subject." This "pious aposiopesis," as the learned Germans call it, may pass muster in regard to Scythian or Nubian antiquities—though it was tried on an Oxford Examiner with singular lack of success by an embarrassed candidate in viva voce—but it seems absurd when applied to matters within living memory. Sometimes, Mrs. Lynn Linton makes a mystery where certainly none exists. There are twenty persons, at least, still going about London who know all the facts about the Garrick Club and the late Mr. Edmund Yates. Yet we are told solemnly that "the truth underlying all that action never came out, and never will." But we need not press this point. We have said enough to show that Mrs. Lynn Linton's book, though it is but a small and unfinished instalment of her literary life, contains much piquant gossip and many shrewd reflections. Most of it is openly partisan, for the author was, from girlhood upwards, a good lover as well as a good hater.

MARVELLOUSLY UNINTERESTING.

"A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia." By Isabelle Mary Phibbs. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 6s. net.

THE author describes her book as an "account of a marvellously interesting journey," but she has not succeeded in communicating any interest, marvellous or otherwise, to her readers. Indeed, our only marvel is that she has contrived to evolve so very bald and colourless a narrative out of a journey through so brilliant and eloquent a country. The pity of it is that she is evidently a lady of culture, possessing some fluency and the very best intentions, but she is handicapped by so oppressive a weight of ingenuousness that it is impossible to receive her serious reflections with any approach to gravity. She seeks to lay down the law on high political issues but does not attain to a greater degree of maturity than might be found in the average schoolroom. She set out with her mind evidently an absolute blank as regards the various problems which confronted her, and the only result of applying herself to a perusal of the chief authorities has been to evolve a chaotic hotchpotch. Simplicity is so rare a quality nowadays that we are loth to find fault, but it would be unfortunate if anyone were disposed to take seriously a traveller who has read many books without understanding them, closed her eyes to every surprise and opened her ears to every absurd opinion. Her political sagacity may be gauged by her quotation of General Kuropatkin's opinion that "chaque jour un pas en avant rapproche la Russie des pays du soleil qu'elle convoite et veut arracher à l'Angleterre," and her conclusion that "if statesmen and newspaper writers would refrain from stirring up feelings of enmity, England and Russia might work together for the good of mankind."

The book is the record of a personally conducted tour, which the Russians were pleased to facilitate with the object of suggesting that Central Asia is an open country, where they have nothing to conceal. They took care that the party should see just what they desired to have observed, they lavished flattery and hospitality, and so far as this author is concerned they succeeding in prompting opinions which they are anxious to propagate. But they would have been more convincing if they could have selected a less artless medium. A lady who announces as a discovery that "there is much that is beautiful in the Koran"; who thinks it necessary to inform us that "the shops (at Askabad) were called bazaars;" marvels at the

excellence of Russian school-children's copybooks "notwithstanding the difficulty of their language;" who stops to record the meeting with a Russian officer who "spoke English remarkably well and hoped some day to visit our distant isle," must be credited with amiability but cannot be raised to any pedestal of authority. The illustrations are above the average of tourist photography, but we learn without surprise that the author cannot lay claim to their credit. Our advice to her is that she should read less, believe less, and observe more if she is determined to travel again with the intention of printing her impressions.

NOVELS.

"The Plunderers: a Romance." By Morley Roberts. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

It is an excellent idea to transplant the Jameson Raid from Africa to Asia, substituting success for disaster, Russia for Germany, the ambitions of an unauthorised Foreign Office clerk for the supposed sympathies of his neighbours in Downing Street, and, finally, the Shah Nasr-ed din for Oom Paul. Further, the leap from Africa to Asia seems to cleanse Mr. Roberts of certain characteristics on which we commented when reviewing his "Colossus": the blatancy, the ill-breeding has, like Pharaoh's chosen horsemen, been drowned in the Red Sea. As a stirring story of wildly impossible adventure "The Plunderers" must take very high rank. The raiders enlist an army of Kurds and dash upon Teheran, where they seize a treasure upon which the Russians are supposed to have designs. The Persian army has been diverted to the Afghan border by a skilfully worked émeute, and Teheran is practically helpless. From the sacking of the capital, these modern buccaneers fight their way to the Gulf, where a steamer should await them. It would be unfair to tell the whole story. There is tremendous vigour in the book, the fighting scenes are grim and the diplomatic chapters cynically convincing. Almost Mr. Roberts persuades us that it might all have happened. The story is, of course, a wild extravaganza, and as wicked (in a political sense) as it is wild, but it fascinates.

"A Virtue of Necessity." By Herbert Adams. London: Greening. 1899. 3s. 6d.

It would be a virtue of necessity indeed that would induce a second perusal of this tale. It deals with the love of a doctor for a lady of high degree. In a democratic age the former's profound sense of social inferiority is refreshing. Still it might strike an unprejudiced reader that the manners of "her young ladyship" and "his young lordship" her brother, whose acquaintance it was the doctor's "privilege" to possess, were calculated to set him at his ease. The heroine's mother not unnaturally desired a richer son-in-law, but her husband the Right Honourable George Edward seventh Earl of Croftstead very nicely observed that riches were of no consequence when love was at stake. However his wife made herself sufficiently unpleasant on the subject to hurt the doctor's feelings, for as the author naïvely informs us "no doctor likes to have his professional vocation referred to as though it were a porkbutcher's or a butler shop."

"A Secret of the North Sea." By Algernon Gissing. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 6s.

With simplicity of outline, and a judicious use of dialect, Mr. Gissing sets forth the life-feud of two Scotch farmers. Throughout, the book is interesting, and the tragic end alike of the good and of the bad farmer strikes us as terribly human and independent of conventional poetical justice. At the end, the author has a relapse, and his female character "Lyliard," develops, without the least warning, in a way which appears to puzzle him so much that he hastily finishes off the book.

"Resolved to be Rich." By Edward H. Cooper. London: Duckworth. 1899. 6s.

No one can read much French fiction without noticing that its leading parts are given to money fully as often as to love. Of late, there has been some sign of a

tendency in the same direction in our own novels. A money interest may be found a little fresher than undiluted sentiment. Mr. Cooper combines love and Mammon rather cleverly. The precocious boy who is "resolved to be rich" does not impress us much. But, on the whole, the book holds the reader's interest well.

"The Beautiful Evil." By Alexander Eagar. London: Sands. 1899. 6s.

The scheme of this novel is most pretentious, and we should imagine was inspired by one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works. The note at the beginning is pompous, the poems are bad, and although the author possesses enough imagination to carry himself back into the far past, his pen is not eloquent enough and the imagery of his language is not convincing enough to carry his reader with him. The work falls flat. The part dealing with the Mutiny is simply written and interesting, but "an oft-told tale."

"Nemo." By Theo. Douglas. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

"Nemo" has a new and rather fascinating, utterly impossible "creep" in it, the impossibility being cleverly veiled by a matter-of-fact style of narrative that makes the reader forget he is called upon to believe an extravagance. To say what the "creep" is would be to give away the whole essence of the book. They who like to read of physical, mesmeric, mediumistic uncanniness, woven into an everyday story of ordinary English people, might do worse than buy "Nemo."

"The Lost Heir." By G. A. Henty. London: Bowden. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Henty trusts to incident rather than fine writing and his inventive skill is well shown in "The Lost Heir"—a healthy, stimulating, straightforward adventure story. Mr. Henty brings out some curious thoughts occasionally. Take this for example: "A man only sees his full face and doesn't know how he looks sideways." The story deals with the days of John Company.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Collected Essays." By Augustine Birrell. 2 vols. London: Elliot Stock. 1899. 12s.

These two volumes contain the well-known "Obiter Dicta" series, and the essays on "Men, Women and Books" with the "Res Judicata"; the work by which Mr. Birrell has established his charming reputation as a critic and humourist; a reputation more enviable than that of most professional critics of greater pretensions and, it may be granted, more learning. Perhaps it may be desirable to mention for the sake of those who hover on the borderland of law and literature that none of the legal essays, if lawyers will allow them that name, on the "Rights and Liabilities of Trustees," and the "Lecture on Copyright," or on the "Workmen's Compensation Act," are included in these two volumes. There is nothing therefore to remind us of those labours less worthy of Mr. Birrell's best moments which perverse fate has maliciously cast upon him at times. In looking over again these bright, facile, urbane essays, that always attain the object at which they aim, an aim not so high as to be taken for attempts at great criticism, and yet always wise enough, and shrewd enough, and with sufficient grace and style and fancy to be true literature, we renew an almost personal acquaintance with the author resting on the ground of the pleasure which we owe to him. We only notice one essay which we always thought below what we were entitled to expect from Mr. Birrell: the essay on "Actors;" and the collection would have lost nothing by its omission. Tradition, and prejudice, and a sort of moral fastidiousness which amounts almost to affectation, here make Mr. Birrell less sweetly reasonable than we count upon his being. In the phrase to which he is accustomed in the Law Courts, "We have nothing further to add" to the stock of well-known criticism which has "placed" Mr. Birrell, with only an affectionate kind of depreciation, amongst our most agreeable essayists and critics.

"The History of the Caliph Vathek: an Eastern Romance." By William Beckford. London: Greening. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Originally written in French, this story of the punishment of unbridled passions and blind ambition promptly commanded a public of its own. A work of vivid and picturesque imagination, great power, and no small originality, in manner somewhat similar to "The Thousand and One Nights," it is saturated with the fragrance and voluptuousness of the East. Apart from the fact that a tale possessing such high qualities was

published before the author attained his majority, it seems remarkable that such a faithful reflection of Eastern life should have been penned by one personally unacquainted with Arabia.

"Lessons of the War." By Spenser Wilkinson. London: Archibald Constable. 1900. 2s. 6d.

Just now we are being inundated by works on South Africa; and we should have lost little had most of the effusions of the war correspondent been spared us. But Mr. Wilkinson's book partakes of a different character. Though not a military man, he is well known as a serious and capable student of war. "Lessons of the War" presents us with a clear picture of the situation week by week during the war's progress. The articles appeared originally in a now defunct weekly.

"Journal of Researches" by Charles Darwin and the "Life of Dr. Arnold" by Dean Stanley are additions to the new series of the "Minerva Library" (London: Ward, Lock. 1899. 2s. per vol.). Both contain suitable and mildly helpful introductions.—A thrilling story is that of the 17th Lancers which Mr. D. H. Parry tells in the "Death or Glory Boys" (London: Cassell. 1899. 6s.) The Lancers who have added so much to the glory of many famous fields owed their origin to one of the most historic of all. Wolfe's dying request under the walls of Quebec was that Colonel Hale should carry the news of his victory to England and Hale was rewarded by the King with a commission to raise a regiment of Light Horse. In the American War of Independence, in the Crimea, in the Mutiny, in South Africa the 17th have seen service and with them to see service has ever been to distinguish themselves.—Sir Edward Fry in his preface to "James Hack Tuke" (London: Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net. 1899) makes a half apology for compiling "the life of a Quaker banker," but we have found little justification for the suggestion that the memoir might not prove generally attractive. Tuke knew interesting people and took part in important enterprises connected with Ireland and Irish emigration. He was in Paris in 1871 and affords us some striking glimpses of the state of the City during and after the investment. Though Tuke was an Irishman and a Radical, he remained sound on the Home Rule question. He foresaw only bloodshed and bankruptcy in Mr. Gladstone's Bill.—"Sir David Wilkie and the School of Painters" by Edward Pennington and "George Buchanan" (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 1899. 1s. 6d. per vol.) belong to the Famous Scots Series—an admirable collection of brief biographies. The second of the volumes was begun by the late Dr. Wallace and completed by Mr. J. Campbell Smith, who supplies an "Epilogistic" chapter jointly appreciative of both Buchanan and Wallace.

A THEOLOGICAL TRIO.

"The New Evangelism, and other Papers." By Henry Drummond. Hodder and Stoughton. 1899. 5s.

The temptation to print all that can be found of the essays and addresses of a deceased popular author must be one which literary executors find it hard to resist; but it is unfair to the author and a doubtful benefit to the public. Of the seven essays here published it is confessed in the introductory note that six were not intended for publication, nor were they revised by the author; while in a few cases portions of the manuscript were missing. The result is what might be expected. The essays bear the marks of having been left in the rough, and sometimes of having been written at high pressure by an author who knew he was expected to be original and startling. On the whole they are an honest and vigorous attempt to present the fundamental truths of religion in a way that may be acceptable to cultivated minds, and to apply a free though reverent scientific criticism to the Bible. As we were brought up never to engage in a discussion without first repeating over to ourselves "please remember that a metaphor is not an argument," we find it hard to appreciate a writer who, like Professor Drummond, revels in them, and openly asserts "you can never get nearer to truth than in a metaphor." And the metaphors come so thick in his pages that they get in each other's way. He draws our attention to the standard doctrines of the Church, and then tells us that a standard is a thing which stands, while theology moves; that the old scientific standards were places for the mind of science to rest on in its onward sweep through the centuries; but the perches are not needed there now; that these books are like deserted inns on the roadside, which the race has long since passed; that when the English fought Waterloo they did not leave their standard at Bannockburn but brought it up to Quatre Bras; and if our standard was made for Holland, or Rome, or Geneva, we must bring it up to Germany, and Paris, and the Highlands; all these in 26 lines (pp. 7, 8). The chief interest for the English reader in the earlier essays will lie not so much in the author's metaphors and arguments for the new theology, as in his description of the old—imbibed in those long sermons in the days of his youth. He tells us that the God here presented was mainly the God of the Old Testament; that the Christ was only a theological person, whose function was to adjust matters,

(Continued on page 404.)

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between the hostile kingdoms of heaven and earth; that in the conception of salvation and religion less stress was laid on character than on status, and salvation was a thing which came into force at death; it was not a thing for life. It must be confessed that this is a gloomy picture and a one-sided teaching. Not all the essays however are on the new theology and the relation of science to Christianity; and we think that the author writes better where he touches other subjects.

"A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament." By Marvin Vincent. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 3s. 6d.

This book, in the same series—New Testament Handbooks—follows the lines of most books on textual criticism. We have the usual introductory chapter, then a description of the manuscripts, versions, &c., followed by a more detailed history of the printed text and of the rise and growth of the science of textual criticism. We think the book would have gained if the earlier chapters had been expanded and the later compressed. The chapter on the versions is meagre, though even here the Syriac is described with comparative fulness; but the old Latin and the Vulgate are quite inadequately treated, and the author has made a slip in still regarding the Codex Amiatinus as belonging to the sixth century (pp. 114, 135), though its identification with the Pandect written at Ceolfrid's order and sent as a present to the Roman See in 716 has been known for a dozen years. And the chapters on the critical editions and editors though they seem sound and careful are undeniably dull; perhaps no one but Professor Salmon could make such a subject interesting. On the great textual controversy the author ranges himself with Westcott and Hort and regards the Textus receptus with almost the same personal hatred that Dean Burgon used to show to the Vatican MS.; but on the merits of the "Western Text" he does no more than summarise the theories of Harris, Chase, Blass, and Weiss, and leave us to make up our own minds if we can.

"Ecclesiastes; or the Preacher." Explained by A. W. Streane ("The Churchman's Bible"). London: Methuen. 1899. 1s. 6d. net.

The idea of this series is a good one. It is to furnish the general reader with a help to the study of his Bible that shall be shorter and less formal than a commentary; shall give a concise Introduction to each book setting forth what is known as to its date, authorship, and purpose; and shall then present such an exposition of its text as may bring out the permanent truths and principles underlying it. Yet we think that Dr. Streane has not been very happy in his treatment of that plaintive, perplexing, fascinating work we call "the preacher." His Introduction will no doubt be useful to many; yet after all is there need to apologise so much for the author and to remind us that he lived before life and immortality were brought to light through the Gospel? Would it not be wiser to read him by ourselves, find out what he meant if we can, and then ponder on it? Dr. Streane's exposition is also disappointing. Though much of it is undeniably sound we miss throughout that wonderful sympathy with the mind of the author which throws such a charm over Dr. Plumptre's commentary in the Cambridge Bible for Schools.

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"Temple Cyclopædic Primers." London: Dent. 1900. 1s. net.

1. "Roman History." By Dr. Julius Koch. 2. "A History of Politics." By Edward Jenks. 3. "Introduction to Science." By Alex. Hill, M.D. 4. "Ethnology." By Dr. Haberlandt. 5. "Dante." By Edmund Gardner.

These books belong to a series of small volumes of about 160 pages each which apparently has for its object the survey of *omne scibile* in a manner suggested by the encyclopædias. But we presume from an examination of the above-mentioned books that the encyclopædic plan is to be modified first by the grouping of subjects that can be treated in connected form: secondly by the elimination of much detail to be found in encyclopædia articles which no one but professional readers can understand. The authors named above are men who are amply qualified by scholarship to write the most learned of encyclopædia articles, and they aim at giving the results of scholarship in their several departments to the unlearned but intelligent reader. The enterprise is a novel one; perhaps rather risky and implying a considerable amount of faith that a sufficiently serious and intelligent public exists to support it. There is the possibility of some of the series failing to reach the standard attained in the preliminary volumes. We might suspect claptrap treatment to secure a cheap popularity, omissions for want of space which would make a particular volume valueless, or again an overloading with facts to make it a cram book. Each as it appears will have to be judged on its own merits. Dr. Hill very frankly says that his contribution if read without previous training or subsequent study can hardly fail to be misleading, but he points out that it is but an introduction to a series in which competent teachers will treat in sufficient detail the problems of which he gives a

bird's-eye view. Mr. Jenks whose admirable book on "Law and Politics in the Middle Ages" has established his reputation in learned legal circles provides an "apology" for his lesser book in this series which is applicable to the other members of it. He notes the objection that it is impossible within the narrow limits of a popular sketch to deal with the subject. He replies with the doctrine which, paradoxical as it may sound, is yet maintained by very able writers, that the greater the subject the smaller is the space in which it can be treated. If Mr. Jenks is satisfied on this head there cannot be much ground for dissatisfaction and we can say of the Roman History that this is a remarkable instance of the truth of the paradox. We have also received the translation of Dr. Haberlandt's "Ethnology" which, like the Roman History, is one of the books of the series published by Messrs. Goschen in Germany which are to be republished in their Primer Series; and "Dante" by Mr. Edmund Gardner.

"A Manual of Psychology." Vol. II. The University Tutorial Series. By G. F. Stout. London: W. B. Clive. 1899. 4s. 6d.

We have already noticed the first volume of this excellent work and praised its thoroughness. We can say as much of the present volume. We are glad to notice at the end a necessary reservation on the limits of psychology. The question of free will as Mr. Stout well points out, is one not of blind destiny, but of self-determinism and self-control which resolves itself ultimately into the question of a self-realisation which is never perfect but always "proceeding." Such questions are far beyond the point of view of any finite science like psychology, they are the province of the metaphysician.

"The World and its Commerce. A Primer of Commercial Geography." London: Fitmans. 1899.

This is a handy book for beginners and seems to have been carefully put together, the preliminary chapter that deals with the outlines of physical geography strikes us as being especially well done, and is quite a model *multum in parvo* of close-packed information. This is all the more important as teachers are gradually waking up to the fact of the intimate connexion between physical and commercial geography and the need of explaining the latter according to the physical laws that condition it. A liberal supply of maps is provided. Their value however would be further enhanced if they had been placed as far as possible opposite the pages to which they refer. The book makes a show of being very much up-to-date by publishing on the flyleaf a note on the new Crown colony of Nigeria, but it makes no reference to the impending federation of Australia, about which it would have been perfectly safe to prophesy.

"The Psychology of Reasoning." By Alfred Binet. Translated from the Second French Edition. By Adam GOWANS Whyte. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1899.

"The Psychology of Reasoning" is a good specimen of those eminently lucid and clear scientific treatises that Frenchmen know so well how to turn out. The learned jargon in which the Teutonic intellect surfeits itself is distasteful to the Latin mind whose first law is simplicity. M. Binet's conclusions are that "the fundamental element of the mind is the image and that reasoning is an organisation of images determined by the properties of the images themselves, and that the images have merely to be brought together for them to become organised and that reasoning follows with the inevitable necessity of a reflex." Perception is in fact active and implies the co-operation of the mind with the work of the senses, that is to say to every sensation received the mind adds a quantum of sensations already received and digested. M. Binet illustrates his thesis with many interesting examples taken from the investigations of Chacot and his school of the different centres of the memory, visual, auditory and motor.

"The Elements of Physics (for use in High Schools)." By Henry Crew. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 6s.

This book possesses many good points. Binding and print are excellent. There are well-arranged references to classical works and experiments. The historical method of developing the subject is used, whenever possible, and there are continual apposite allusions to matters of ordinary life. For instance, Mr. Crew never neglects an opportunity of using the ordinary bicycle as an example of something in mechanics. Capillarity in particular is brightly treated. The stiffest part of the book is the first three chapters, which the author calls pure mechanics. With this of course every Elementary Physics begins. But the treatment is somewhat novel. More general theory than usual is taught and the method used is founded on the first notions of quaternions. The drawback is that students ready for experimental work are discouraged by this confusing array of technical terms, definitions and formulae, which must be learnt slowly and thoroughly. Almost all the first hundred pages ought to be done in a mathematical class, independent of the physics laboratory. The same of course applies to most books of the kind.

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CLASSICS.

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NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

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SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom: a Theory of the Evolution of Secondary Sexual Characters (J. T. Cunningham). Black. 12s. 6d. net.
Mental Culture (George Ainslie Hight). Dent. 3s. 6d. net.
Inorganic Evolution as Studied by Spectrum Analysis (Sir Norman Lockyer). Macmillan. 4s. net.
Treatise on Zoology, A (Edited by R. Ray Lankester). Part III. The Echinodermata (F. A. Bather). Black. 15s. net.

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Christianity and Paganism in the Fourth and Fifth Centuries (Ernest N. Bennett). Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.

VERSE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Dreams of a Spirit-Seer (Immanuel Kant). Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
Hand and Soul (D. G. Rossetti). Unicorn Press.
History of "Punch," The (M. H. Spielmann). Cassell.
Larger Temple Shakespeare, The (Vols. IX. and X.). Dent. 4s. 6d. net each.
La Société Française du XVI^e Siècle au XX^e Siècle (Par Victor du Bled). XVI^e et XVII^e Siècles. Paris: Perrin et Cie.
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Letters to Madame Hauska, Born Countess Rzewuska, afterwards Madame Honoré de Balzac, 1833-1846 (Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley). Hardy, Pratt and Co.
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76th Annual Report,
1899.

Net Fire Premiums	£927,421
Net Accident Premiums	12,564
Interest and other Receipts	34,525
	£974,510
Surplus for the Year	£48,075

Total Funds and Security

At 31st DECEMBER, 1899.

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(Six months' Interest payable on 1st July next).

ISSUE of £1,000,000.

Minimum Price of Issue £94½ per Cent.

This Loan is issued under The Public Purposes Loan Act No. 707 of 1898 which
is incorporated with the Consolidated Stock and Sinking Fund Act, 1896, of the
South Australian Parliament.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The BANK OF ADELAIDE, 11 Leadenhall Street, E.C., is authorised by the
undersigned to receive Tenders for the South Australian Government Three per
Cent. Consolidated Inscribed Stock, amounting to £1,000,000, for Public Works,
authorised by The Public Purposes Loan Act of the South Australian Parliament as
above stated.

Principal and Interest are payable in London; the Interest on the 1st January and
1st July of each year, a half-year's interest being payable 1st July next, and the
South Australian Government have the option of redeeming the Principal at Par on
the 1st July, 1916, or at any time thereafter, by giving due notice by advertisement
in the *London Gazette* and in the *Times* newspaper. The above-mentioned Act of
1896 provides for a Sinking Fund of 1 per cent. per annum.

The Revenues of the Colony of South Australia alone are liable in respect of this
Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom
and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly
liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or
for any matter relating thereto—40 and 41 Vic., Cap. 59, sec. 19.

Tenders will be received by The Bank of Adelaide until 2 o'clock
on Wednesday, the 4th April, when they will be opened in the presence of such of the
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No Tender for less than £100, or for a fractional portion of £100, of Stock will be
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Payment must be made as follows, viz.:-

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£25 per cent. on the 24th of May.
£25 per cent. on the 26th of June.
£25 per cent. on the 26th of July.

Payment may be made in full on or after the 10th of April, under discount at the
rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

Scrip Certificates with a coupon attached for Six months' interest payable 1st July
next will be issued after the payment of the instalment due on the 10th April, and
when paid up in full, they will be exchangeable at the office of the Agent-General,
for Stock, but Scrip paid up in full in anticipation may be inscribed forthwith.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Tender may be obtained at the Office of The
Bank of Adelaide, of Messrs. R. Nivison and Co., 8 Finch Lane, E.C., or of the
undersigned,

JOHN A. COCKBURN,

Agent-General for the Government of South Australia.

No. 1, Crosby Square, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

28th March, 1900.

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numerous Medals, Scholarships and Prizes awarded during the period of
studentship.

The Hospital contains accommodation for 644 beds, and arrangements are being
made as rapidly as possible to place the entire number at the service of the sick poor
by reopening the Wards that have been closed for want of funds for the last 15
years.

The Appointments tenable by Students have recently been increased by more
than 150 a year chiefly by the addition of Clerkships and Dresserships in the
Department of Ophthalmology, Gynaecology and Otolaryngology.

To augment the teaching of Special Subjects, Registrars and Tutors have been
appointed in the Ophthalmic and Obstetric Departments.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without charge, and the holders
of Resident Appointments are provided with board and lodging.

The College accommodates 60 Students, under the supervision of a Resident
Warden.

The Dental School provides the full curriculum required for the L.D.S. England.
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CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The Annual Exami-
nation for Scholarships will be held on June 5, 6 and 7. Ten Open
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Navy Examinations. Chief subjects—Classics and Mathematics. Candidates
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TONBRIDGE SCHOOL.—Entrance Examination
for Scholarships, June 12th and 13th, 1900.—Apply to the Rev. C. C.
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The Subscription List will open on Tuesday, the 3rd April, 1900, and will close on or before Thursday, the 5th April.

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Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co. invite Subscriptions for £260,000 Four per Cent. Registered Mortgage Debentures of the above-mentioned Railway Company, in Debentures of £100 each.

Price of Issue 90 per Cent., payable as follows:—£10 on Application; £20 on Allotment; £30 on 15th May, 1900; £30 on 30th June, 1900.

Payment in full may be made on allotment or on the 15th May, 1900, under discount at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

The Debentures of this Issue will be secured by Trust Deed and by a First Mortgage in favour of the Trustees upon the Company's Railway from Swellendam to Riversdale, which is now in course of construction, together with the Rolling Stock, and will also be charged as a mortgage (subject to the existing issues of £100,000 and £125,000) on the Company's present Railways from Worcester to Swellendam.

The Debentures are repayable on the 1st January, 1943, but may, at the option of the Company, be redeemed at par at any earlier date on six months' notice.

Interest is payable on the 1st April and 1st October in each year, and will accrue from the due dates of the respective instalments (but not before allotment), the first payment being made on the 1st October, 1900.

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PROSPECTUS.

The Company owns and works a line of railway running from Worcester, a station on the Cape Government Main Trunk Railway, to Swellendam, a distance of about 80 miles. A portion of the line, from Worcester to Ashton, has been in operation for some years; and a second section—from Ashton to Swellendam—was officially opened for traffic on 12th April, 1899.

Early in last year it was decided to extend the railway to Riversdale—a distance of about 65 miles—to provide additional terminal facilities at Swellendam and to supply rolling stock for the whole system, rolling stock having hitherto been hired from the Government.

For these purposes the Capital was increased by the creation of additional £260,000 Four per cent. Debentures now offered for subscription, and 40,000 shares of £5 each. The Cape Government also voted a subsidy of £128,000, equivalent to nearly £2,000 per mile towards the construction of the new line.

The present Issue represents a mortgage debt of £4,000 per mile upon the proposed section, and will be secured as a first charge upon the same as well as upon the rolling stock, and will also be charged, subject to the existing mortgages of £100,000 and £125,000 respectively, upon the remainder of the Company's undertaking.

A contract has been entered into between the New Cape Central Railway, Limited, and Messrs. Pauling & Co., Limited, who undertake to construct the railway and the necessary works by the 31st December, 1901, and to provide the rolling stock, the consideration being the £260,000 Four per cent. Debentures now offered for subscription, the Government subsidy, and 40,000 fully paid shares.

Under the Contract, Messrs. Pauling & Co., Limited, also undertake to provide the interest upon the present issue of Debentures until the 31st December, 1901, or for such shorter period as may be required for the completion of the railway.

The Company has further made satisfactory arrangements which insure the punctual payment of interest upon the present issue during the five years following the opening of the line, thus allowing ample time for the full development of the traffic upon the new section.

The line being situated in the South of Cape Colony and consequently at a distance from the seat of war, the Contractors have been able to carry on their work without interruption. A considerable portion of the earthworks has been constructed, the greater part of the Permanent Way Material has been shipped, and the manufacture of the Rolling Stock is well in hand.

The Worcester-Ashton Section, 40 miles in length, has been in successful operation for some years, and the steady increase in the earnings will be seen from the following table, the figures being taken from the Audited Accounts:—

	Gross.	Net.
Year ended 31st December, 1895	£13,730	£5,690
" " " 1896	15,815	6,294
" " " 1897	18,091	8,923
" " " 1898	21,050	9,786

For 1896, 1897, and 1898 dividends of 2 per cent. were paid on the issued share capital, and the balance of accumulated profit carried forward on the 31st December, 1898, amounted to £7,030 6s. 2d.

For the year 1899 the total figures were as follows: Gross, £26,662; Net, £11,696.

This result can be regarded as encouraging when it is considered that some time is always required for development of the traffic of a new line, that the Ashton-Swellendam Section was in operation for only 9 months of the period under review, and that, in consequence of the war, the traffic of the whole system has been to a great extent paralysed.

The interference with the traffic just referred to arises from the fact that a large portion of the produce carried over the line is wont to find a market in Kimberley, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal; but, in consequence of the war, these markets have been closed, and furthermore the Cape Government Railways and Rolling Stock have been to a great extent monopolised by the military authorities, thus rendering the conveyance of the New Cape Central traffic beyond Worcester junction a matter of considerable difficulty.

The Swellendam-Riversdale Section cannot fail to prove an important and valuable extension of the line. The whole of the country through which the railway runs is one of the most populous and wealthy parts of Cape Colony, and the portion to be traversed by the new section is reported to be fully as rich as that through which the existing line passes.

The large irrigation works along the line which the Government has recently sanctioned will also prove an important factor in promoting the rapid development of agriculture in the district, and the consequent increase of traffic to the railway.

The net earnings of the Worcester-Ashton Section, after providing for all local and London expenditure, amounted in 1898 to £245 per mile for 40 miles. Allowing reasonable time for the traffic to develop, and taking into consideration the economy which will result from the Company owning its own rolling stock and the decrease per mile in the administrative charges consequent upon the increase of mileage, it may fairly be assumed that the net earnings over the whole system of 145 miles will not be less than £240 per mile. On this basis the net earnings would amount to £24,800, of which the Debenture interest would absorb £19,400, leaving a balance of £5,400.

There is another important point to which attention may be drawn. A glance at the enclosed map will show that, when this new section is completed to Riversdale, there will remain but a short extension (for which it is intended to apply for an Act) to be made in order to effect a junction at Oudtshoorn with the network of railways now in course of construction, or contemplated, between that point and Port Elizabeth. When that connection is made the New Cape Central Railway will become a

line of great importance to the Eastern Districts and part of the proposed Trunk Line between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The system when completed will also provide a new and shorter route to Johannesburg.

The construction of the new line has been duly authorised by Acts of the Cape of Good Hope Legislature, which provide for the payment of the above-mentioned subsidy, and under which the Colonial Government has the right to purchase the whole undertaking of the Company at any time after the 10th of April, 1907, upon such terms as may be agreed upon between the Government, and the Company and failing such agreement at a price to be settled by arbitration: provided that such price shall not be less than the capital expended by the Company on such undertaking, and shall not exceed the amount of the estimated cost of the said railway as stated in the Government report already made and presented to Parliament; and that from the price so agreed upon or settled by arbitration, as the case may be, shall be deducted the amount already paid by the Government to the Company as a subsidy under the provisions of the Acts.

The reports presented to Parliament for the Swellendam-Riversdale Section estimate the cost at £9,055 per mile.

The following letter from Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., who was Commissioner of Public Works in Sir Gordon Sprigg's late Ministry, gives the opinion of one who is intimately acquainted with Cape Colony and with everything appertaining to its Railway System:—

Brown's Hotel, Albemarle Street, London, W.

April 27, 1899.

GENTLEMEN,—I acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 19th instant, and am glad to hear that the extension of the New Cape Central Railway from Swellendam to Riversdale is being taken in hand. I am, of course, well acquainted with the district to be traversed by the new line; it is one of the most fruitful portions of South Africa; and I regard the Riversdale Section as the most valuable part of the New Cape Central Railway.

The completion of the Railway System between Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London is only a question of time—in my opinion a relatively short time—and, when carried out, will give a great importance to the New Cape Central Railway.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) J. SIVEWRIGHT.

Messrs. Emile Erlanger & Co.,
20 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

The following extracts from the speeches of His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.M.G., the Governor and High Commissioner, and of the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, C.M.G., the present Premier, on the occasion of the opening of the Ashton-Swellendam Section will be read with interest:—

EXTRACTS FROM SIR ALFRED MILNER'S SPEECHES—Taken from the Cape Times.

"I am fully alive to the extreme importance of this day in the history of Swellendam, inasmuch as the district which is, I believe, one of the oldest settled districts in the Colony, and which is, as it ought to be, proud of its antiquity, is now, after a period of what may call comparative seclusion, brought into touch with the main stream of Colonial development, which has taken a different direction. Not that I do not think that there is a development of its own in front of this district, and generally of the south-western agricultural districts of the Colony, which may have as great and as permanent an importance as the more sensational developments taking place in other directions. For my own part, there is nothing which commands my sympathy more entirely than the efforts which are made in the direction of the development of the agriculture of this Colony, and in that connection I believe that this line and other lines which will be laid in connection with it in time will have very great and important results. These lines will bring you into closer touch with the main stream of Colonial civilisation; and because it will bring your produce into close touch of markets the extension which you are celebrating to-day will be a very important factor in your history."

"I congratulate you most sincerely upon the completion of the railway from Ashton to Swellendam. I am not going to repeat what I said about the importance of that railway, but I hope it is not going to stop here. I hope that the time may come when I, or if not I my successor, will come to Swellendam not as a terminus but merely as a resting point in the journey from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth. I do not suppose that I or my successors are to be destined always when we wish to traverse the south or east of the Colony to make that wild-goose chase away up to De Aar and Nauwpoort, and to go due north when one's ultimate intention is to go due south-east; and although this may not be an immediate prospect, I have not the least doubt that it is a thing upon which you may confidently count in the not very distant future."

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF MR. SCHREINER'S SPEECH—Taken from the Cape Times.

"With regard to the Cape Central Railway, he wished that the Government of the day, or rather that the Parliament of the day, had seized the opportunity of purchasing the line when it extended only to Ashton; it would have been an excellent bargain, and if that had been done, then probably to-day they would have been opening the Government and not a private line. He hoped that the line would not only go to Riversdale, for which the Company had Parliament sanction, but to Oudtshoorn—which was the missing link between eastern and western communication by railway."

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London, 29th March, 1900.

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DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th JUNE, 1899.

Dr.				Cr.
Capital—				
Nominal	£3,950,000	0	0	
Less Unissued	1,045	0	0	
			£3,948,955	0 0
De Beers Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures—				
As per Balance-sheet, June 30, 1893	£3,166,300	0	0	
Less redeemed during year to date	122,500	0	0	
			3,043,800	0 0
De Beers Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Bultfontein Obligations—				
As per Balance-sheet, June 30, 1893	£273,780	0	0	
Less redeemed during year to date	16,000	0	0	
			257,780	0 0
Reserves—				
Reserve Fund invested in Consols, see per contra	£1,179,556	16	7	
Insurance Fund	100,000	0	0	
Suspense Liability under agreements with leased companies	70,117	13	1	
Creditors—				
Debentures and Obligations redeemed, but unpaid	1,346,674	9	8	
Unclaimed Dividends and Sundries	67,143	3	6	
	9,979	10	0	
Reserves for Debenture Interest accrued to date	14,054	16	2	
Dividend for Half-year to date—declared June 22	78,995	10	6	
Balance unappropriated, as per Profit and Loss Account	780,791	0	0	
	1,162,729	11	2	
NOTE.—Of this amount the Life Governors are entitled to £150,851 9d. under Section 94 of the Company's Articles of Association.				
This amount represents one-quarter of £639,405 16s. 7d., made up as follows:—				
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	£1,061,029	12	7	
Less 36 per cent. of issued Capital	1,421,623	16	0	
			£639,405	16 7
Contingent Liability on Bills receivable under discount—since paid at maturity	£10,350	0	0	
			£10,686,933	1 0
Claim Account—As per Balance-sheet, June 30, 1893			£6,448,408	3 1
Farms and Landed Property—				
Wesselten Estate, including Premier Mine	£450,839	6	2	
Kenilworth Estate and Village	92,082	14	2	
Other Landed Property and Mining Interests	176,703	9	2	
			719,625	9 6
Investments in Stocks and Shares			411,072	4 9
Offices, Compounds, and Stand Property			76,138	7 4
Office Furniture—Kimberley and London			6,596	0 0
Shafts and other Permanent Works	£138,859	8	0	
Less Transfer from Profit and Loss	38,859	8	0	
			100,000	0 0
Machinery and Plant	£383,592	0	11	
Less Transfer from Profit and Loss	83,592	0	11	
			300,000	0 0
Premier Mine (Wesselten)—				
Buildings and Permanent Works	£42,020	4	2	
Machinery and Plant	£164,625	12	6	
Less transfer from Profit and Loss	16,048	11	1	
			148,597	1 5
Live Stock			130,597	5 7
Timber, Fuel, and other Mining Stores			48,900	0 0
Blue Ground on Floors—			189,868	16 1
De Beers and Kimberley Mines, 2,937,784 loads at 1s. 6d.			£290,333	16 0
Premier Mine, 1,097,032 loads at 1s.			54,851	12 0
			275,185	8 0
Debtors on Loan and other Accounts			54,998	15 6
Reserve Investments—				
£1,178,000 Consols at cost			1,179,556	16 7
Diamonds on hand			170,038	15 2
Bills Receivable			495,032	6 1
Cash at Bankers and in hand, Kimberley and London			93,714	13 4
			£10,686,933	1 0

W. PICKERING, *Secretary.*

ROB. B. CARNEGIE, *Chief Accountant.*

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Accounts and Vouchers relating thereto, including the Audited Returns of the London Office, and certify the same to be correct.

Kimberley: 23rd November, 1899.

PIM & DOUGLAS, Chartered Accountants, }
PHILIP SALISBURY, F.S.A.A., } *Auditors.*

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT,

For the Year ending 30th June, 1899.

Dr.			
To Mine Expenses—De Beers and Kimberley Mines	£206,812 13 7		
Floor Expenses—De Beers and Kimberley Mines	338,993 3 4		
Deduct—Blue Ground on Floors June 30, 1890, 2,937,784 loads at 1s. 6d., £220,333 16s.; less Blue Ground on Floors June 30, 1898, 2,892,908 loads at 1s. 6d., £216,958 ss.	£1,145,805 16 11		
	3,365 14 0		
Mine Expenses—Premier Mine (Wesselen)..	£124,633 13 10		
Floor Expenses—Premier Mine (Wesselen)	87,014 3 1		
	£211,647 16 11		
Deduct—Blue Ground on Floors June 30, 1890, 1,097,032 loads at 1s., £54,851 12s.; less Blue Ground on Floors June 30, 1898, 727,039 loads at 1s., £36,351 19s.	16,499 13 0		
Claim Rents and Sundry Expenses—Bultfontein and Dutoitspan Mines		193,148 3 11	
Charges—Salaries, &c., Kimberley Office	£16,712 1 8		
General Charges, Stationery, Cables, Traveling Expenses, and Sundries	33,418 7 9		
Law Costs	2,423 4 11		
Donations to Public Institutions and Relief, including amount distributed in accordance with Resolution of General Meeting, held October 22, 1891	24,064 4 8		
Special Service	1,607 8 3		
Auditors' Fees	1,500 0 0		
Commission and Interest	8,253 19 1		
London Office Expenses	6,000 8 10		
Directors' Fees	14,748 11 7		
		108,722 6 2	
Expenditure on Landed Property and prospecting	£1,495,666 1 0		
Interest on Capital of Leased Companies	59,939 14 1		
Interest on De Beers Mortgage Debentures and Obligations	96,392 10 0		
	170,708 13 0		
Carried forward	£1,822,706 17 1		
To Depreciation—Offices, Stand Property, and Sundries	£93,254 2 6		
Machinery and Permanent Works	74,252 18 11		
To Redemption of Mortgage Debentures and Obligations—De Beers Mortgage Debentures	£122,500 0 0		
De Beers Bultfontein Obligations	16,000 0 0		
NOTE.—Under arrangement with the Life Governors this amount is charged to Profit and Loss, and applied in reduction of the following Account (see Balance-sheet):—			
Shafts	£38,859 8 0		
Machinery and Plant	83,592 0 11		
Do. Premier Mine	16,048 11 1		
	£138,500 0 0		
To Balance, carried down		2,064,089 12 7	
		£4,104,743 11 1	
To Dividend for half-year to December 31, 1898, 20 per cent.	£789,791 0 0		
" Ditto for June 30, 1899, 20 per cent.	789,791 0 0		
" Balance unappropriated, carried to Balance-sheet		£1,379,580 0 0	
		1,186,789 11 2	
		£2,706,311 11 2	
Cr.			
By Diamond Account		£4,038,421 3 8	
" Dividends on Investments and Rentals		26,329 13 9	
" Interest on Consols, credited under arrangement with Life Governors		31,315 3 4	
" Profits on Investments sold		22,514 3 9	
" Sundry Receipts		2,626 5 1	
" London Office Transfer Fees		3,544 1 6	
		£4,124,743 11 1	
By Balance brought down		£2,064,089 12 7	
" unappropriated as per Balance-sheet, June 30, 1898		£748,488 6 7	
Less Life Governors' remuneration paid		103,205 8 3	
		£45,288 18 7	
		£2,706,311 11 2	

W. PICKERING, *Secretary.*

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